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WORLD POWER:
THE EMPIRE *of* CHRIST

REV. JOHN MacNEILL

WORLD POWER:
THE EMPIRE *of* CHRIST

BY

JOHN MacNEILL

Minister, Walmer Road Baptist Church, Toronto

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TO THE MEMBERS OF THE
WALMER ROAD BAPTIST CHURCH, TORONTO
WHOSE AFFECTION, LOYALTY AND COURAGE
HAVE BROUGHT ME UNCEASING COMFORT AND INSPIRATION
IN OUR WARFARE OF THE GOSPEL

PREFACE

The sermons contained in this volume were suggested by various phases of the events leading up to the present war. At least two sudden revelations have been made to the popular mind by this crisis in our civilisation. It has served on the one hand to reveal many baneful tendencies of our modern society, and on the other hand to uncover afresh some of the eternal principles of Christianity. It occurred to the preacher that the modern spirit is expressed in some of the now famous phrases of individuals and nations and over against each phrase is some great Divine truth that answers to it. Each sermon is the attempt to bring the light of Christ's teaching to bear upon some certain feature of the present hour. No one realises more than the author that he is dealing with only a passing phase of national life. What is said here of Germany applies only to the Germany of to-day, and what is said of the Germany of to-day might have to be said of the Russia, or France or Britain of to-morrow. In that sense the messages are momentary and incidental. There is no pretence to any comprehensive study of the relation of Christianity to the war in all its bearings, nor is there any endeavor to interpret these events of history in the light of Scripture prophecy. The chief aim was to emphasize, with the war as a background, some of the eternal truths that abide through all the shocks of change, to fix upon the public

and individual mind a new sense of responsibility, and to point the way to comfort and hope.

SHATTERING THE NEST was preached in the City Temple, London, England, on Sunday morning, August ninth, the Sunday following Britain's entrance into the war. It was repeated to my own congregation on my return from England in September. The other sermons were delivered in the regular course of my ministry in Walmer Road Church on the nine successive Sunday evenings of October and November. They were prepared from week to week, amid the pressing duties of a heavy pastorate. They are essentially spoken sermons, following the extemporaneous method, and they are printed as they were spoken. In response to the wishes of my congregation each sermon was published in pamphlet form on the week following its delivery. These pamphlets have been gathered into this volume, with no attempt to rewrite them and little attempt to revise. While bearing in consequence many marks of literary imperfection they retain the form of direct spoken counsels and evangelistic appeals. They were graciously blessed by the Holy Spirit in the conversion of men and women and they are sent out in this form only with the hope that they may prove of further blessing to a wider congregation.

JOHN MACNEILL.

WALMER ROAD BAPTIST CHURCH,
TORONTO.

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I

WORLD POWER: THE EMPIRE OF CHRIST

I

WORLD POWER: THE EMPIRE OF CHRIST

TEXT:—*"And it came to pass in those days that there went out a decree from Cæsar Augustus that all the world should be taxed."*

"And it came to pass that the days were accomplished that she should be delivered. And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes and laid him in a manger."—St. Luke 2: 1, 6, 7.

PLACED thus in contrast, these two passages reveal a wide difference in spirit, but they uncover the same great ambition springing from the opposite poles of the spiritual world. They are as far apart as the universe in motive and method, but hidden away in each is the same daring ideal of the universal sway over men. Over there in Rome the dream of world power was floating in the mind of Cæsar; over yonder in Bethlehem the dream of world empire was imbedded in the brain of an unconscious child. It was the beginning of a struggle for the mastery of the race. In those two figures—the

Cæsar and the Christ—there are the potential rulers of mankind. The one is the incarnation of force; the other is the incarnation of faith. The weapon of the one is the sword; the weapon of the other is the cross. It is the carnal against the spiritual, and with breathless interest the ages watch what the end will be.

Let us glance for a moment at these two aspirants for world power. On the one hand was Cæsar, with countless legions, unbending laws, relentless organization and ruthless power. Wherever he will go the garments of the nations are rolled in blood. The only crown he is ambitious to wear is a helmet; the only sceptre, a sword within his hand. Throughout all the ages the symbols of his power will be the reeking spear and smoking cannon; the pillaged cities and wasted lands; the slaughtered children and outraged women; the laws that crush the very liberties out of the hearts of the free, and the taxes that drain the very blood out of the veins of the poor. And over against that figure there moves another to dispute his sway. At Bethlehem it might be said that God crossed the border into the territory of human life. He had mobilized all the forces of the

spiritual universe in Christ. The incarnation of Jesus was the invasion of humanity. It was the declaration of war. There was no blast of trumpet, no clash of sword, no flaunting of banner, no pomp and circumstance of war. No sound indeed was heard except the crooning of a mother as she sang her lullaby to the Infant at her breast. He will wear no royal purple; His robes will be the simple garments of a peasant. The only crown upon His head will be a crown of thorns; the only sceptre, a nail print in His hand. Throughout all the ages the symbols of His power will be love and peace, gentleness and meekness, sacrifice and brotherhood and faith. He would not be anointed to sit upon any earthly throne, but He would be "anointed to preach the gospel to the poor"; He would be "sent to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captive, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound; to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God."

And there they stand, the one against the other. It is the dimpled hand of the child against the mailed fist of the warrior. It may

look like a hopeless task for the child, but we shall see! we shall see! I know the pink and dimpled hand of the baby looks helpless on His mother's breast, but we are here to recall the fact to-night that this is the Hand that has thrown down the gauntlet to Cæsar in every age; that has challenged the march of brute force across the fields of time; that cut the sinews of Roman supremacy and changed the currents of history for all the generations to come.

The Dream of World Power by Cæsar

I have emphasized this contrast because it is apparent that it is this old world dream of Cæsar that has precipitated the great struggle in which all Europe is engaged at the present time. You are well aware that for the past thirty years these phrases, "world power," "world influence," "world domination," in one nation at least, have passed from lip to lip and from group to group until men have visioned, not perhaps the actual ownership, but at least the actual domination of Europe and, through Europe, the domination of the world.

It would be interesting and illuminating did time permit to see how at steady intervals all through the centuries that idea has arisen to assert itself in the world. Long before the Christian era it made its appearance in Babylon, Carthage, Assyria, Persia, Egypt. But glance at the past 1,900 years in Europe alone and you will see how again and again in the brain of a single individual or a single nation, that dream has formed itself to gain the mastery of Europe and through Europe the mastery of the world.

Roughly speaking, Europe came to its birth in the days of Julius Cæsar. The Roman eagles winged their way over the many lands, and back from their borders came the laconic message of Cæsar, "I came, I saw, I conquered." That Roman Empire of 400 hundred years was perhaps the greatest national entity that ever appeared in Europe, but it was doomed to go down, submerged beneath the Gothic storm that burst so suddenly and so furiously out of the dark clouds of the north. In the eighth century the world idea fired the brain of Charlemagne, but his mighty empire fell because the machinery of his government

failed to consolidate the more permanent elements of the state. In the eleventh century the idea seized the Norman brain and although they conquered England and most of France and Germany and part of Italy and ruled the sea, they were not able to assimilate their conquests, with the exception of gland, where their great William the Conqueror became the founder of our royal English line. It was the Popes who next dreamed of world power, and in the twelfth century Innocent III made a mighty effort for political control of Europe, forgetting that his kingdom, if he had a kingdom, was not of this world. It was Spain's turn next, and the sixteenth century saw the Spanish influence extend until she prepared to launch her thunderbolt against her last and greatest rival, England. But the hand of Providence was lifted against her, and Spain's Armada was shattered on the storm-swept coasts of Britain. Louis the Fourteenth of France, "the Grand Monarch," in the seventeenth century took up the dream. It was he who said, "The State! I am the State." But that very State crumbled away beneath the wickedness and corruption of his wicked and

corrupted Court. One hundred years ago there sprang into the arena of Europe the dazzling genius of Napoleon. In the western world his like had not been seen before. The world idea was in his brain and the thunderbolts of Jove were in his hand. At the close of his first Italian campaigns, the greatest military marvel of history, he was only twenty-eight years of age. "At that time," he said afterward, "I saw what I might become. I already saw the world beneath me as if I were being carried through the air." But the star of Napoleon set and his restless and ambitious spirit chafed itself away on the lonely rock of St. Helena.

And now in our own day that dream of world power has again mounted to the brain of one man and one nation. There is evidence enough to be had, if evidence were needed, that the consuming passion of Prussia is to control the world. It is not many years ago that the German Kaiser at a national anniversary declared, "that henceforth nothing must be settled in this world without the intervention of Germany and the German Emperor." Prof. Treitschke, the German his-

torian, says that "the sceptre of the univer will belong to the Germans, who will impos their will upon the decadent and enfeeble people round about." A German writer o note has observed "that true history will be gin from the moment that the German, with a mighty hand, seizes the inheritance of an tiquity." General von Bernhardi in his notable book on "Germany and the Next War," has a chapter that bears the title "World Power or Downfall," and the refrain sounds through his volume again and again, "It is all or nothing; it is now or never." I pass no judgment on these statements for the moment. I merely quote them to show how that idea of world power is not dead, even in the twentieth century, how the fatal fire may burn in the brain of one man and one nation, how these dangerous ambitions have jeopardized the freedom of mankind, and how the whole continent of Europe—and indeed the whole civilized world —feels that the threatened liberties and the sacred pledges of honorable nations must be defended at any cost against the merciless aggressions of a strong and unscrupulous foe.

The Claims of World Empire by Christ

And now, against the background of all these foolish world dreams that have been entertained in turn by Roman and Norman, Spanish and British, French and German, let me fling up this great truth, the assertion which I have been preparing to make from the beginning. It is this—that there is not, and never has been, and never shall be, any single individual except One who has the right or the qualification to aspire to world power, and there is not, and never has been, and never shall be, any nation or society or people in the world, except one, that has the right or the resources to carry such claims to a glorious and successful issue. You ask me who that individual is, and I answer you in the words of our scripture to-night, "Wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him and given Him a name that is above every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven and things on earth and things under the earth, and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord to the glory of God the Father." You ask me who that people, that

society, may be, and I answer you again in the words of scripture, "But ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a peculiar people, that ye should show forth the praises of Him who hath called you out of darkness into His marvellous light."

It is a long time since these great claims were made for Christ and His people. It is a long time since John in apocalyptic vision lifted one corner of the veil and showed us that "the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ." It is a long time since Paul, surveying the battlefield where Christ had met His enemies, declared "that He must reign until He hath put all his enemies under His feet." It is longer still since the Psalmist in his inspired moment heard Jehovah breathe this promise to His Son, "Thou art my son, this day have I begotten thee: ask of me and I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession." It is a long time, too, since Isaiah with seraphic vision saw Him coming up from the carnage of His last victory: "He that cometh forth from Edom with dyed garments from

Bozrah, this that is glorious in His apparel, striding along in the greatness of His strength." These are great claims, but there is not one prophecy concerning Christ that shall not be fulfilled, and there is not one claim for His people that shall not be made effective when by His power in them they shall impose their spirit and His spirit upon all peoples and kindreds and nations and tongues.

It may be said that this is but an empty claim, with no more promise of fulfillment than another. But it is not so. It is supported from every side—intellectual, spiritual, philosophical, ethnological. In general terms it may be said that the claims for world power with any aspiring nation or ruler rest upon three conditions: first, the personality that rules must have a universal appeal; second, the conquest he makes must be a spiritual conquest; third, the end he secures must be the highest good of all.

1. The world ruler must have in him the *element of universal appeal.* By which I mean that his nature must be so full and perfect, so many-sided and all-sided, so comprehensive and responsive, that the genius and tempera-

ment and spirit and aspirations of every people and nation and kindred and tongue will find its answer in him, and he shall be able to articulate the peculiar and subtle quality of every individual subject. And because that universal appeal has never been and can never be found in any mortal man, it is impossible for any one man to ever mount the throne of a true world power. Cæsar is a Roman, always a Roman, with the pride of the Roman in his heart, and his withering scorn scorching the barbarian who crouches at his feet. With all his force of character, his versatility of mind, his gifts—statesman, poet, musician, soldier, preacher—it is impossible that the German Kaiser should ever become a true world ruler, for the fire is Prussian fire that lights his eye. The one man of mortal and sinful men who came nearest to it in Europe was Napoleon Bonaparte. In my humble judgment his was the most stupendous personality that ever flung its impact against the European life; his the most rapid and comprehensive mind; his the most dazzling and brilliant genius. And yet Napoleon is a Corsican. The most he can accomplish is to interpret the

spirit of a passing phase of the French people. But Napoleon could never have incarnated the genius of British liberty; he could never gather up into himself the elements of the true democracy. The wistful, hungry gaze of the Russian eyes could never find a response in his, for the full note of the universal was not within his soul. It is in Christ and Christ alone you find that full sounding note.

"One man of a particular age and race," says Bishop Gore, "cannot be the standard for all men, the judge of all men of all ages and races, the goal of all human moral development, unless he is more than one among many. And that is what we find Christ to be; He is more than "one among many." You cannot mention Him in the same breath and in the same class as Shakespeare and Socrates and Confucius and Emerson, brilliant as their genius may be. He is the one above all others. He is not "a son of men," nor "a son of man," nor "the son of men"; He is "the Son of Man" —the Universal Homo, blending in Himself all races and ages and temperaments and types. He belongs to all the centuries, though He

was born in the first. He belongs to all races, though He was born a Jew. He belongs to all countries, though He was born in Bethlehem. He combines all the purest and gentlest of womanhood with the strongest and greatest of manhood. And any man, whether he be prince or peasant, who will front the eyes of Jesus will find them flash back the native spiritual fire of his own; and any man, whether he be Mongolian or Saxon or Teuton or Slav or Latin, who comes near to the heart of Christ, will find it throb in perfect sympathy with the deepest core of his own being. It is this that constitutes His first great claim for world power, and beside Him there is none else.

2. Jesus alone is qualified for world power, for He alone can make the *supreme spiritual conquest of men.* You will agree with this that no man is conquered till the deepest thing in him has been subdued. You may enslave his body, but his soul is free. You may imprison his mind, but his spirit will range. Forty years ago the Germans conquered Alsace and Lorraine, but these provinces have never been subdued. Their citizenship is German but their allegiance is French. Their taxes have flowed

into the German treasury, but the incense that rises from their heart altars is "Vive la France." He who conquers must conquer the soul. Go back to Napoleon and learn that though he conquered almost every nation in Europe, he subdued none. The fires were smouldered, but they leapt out afresh. At St. Helena the Emperor said—you may read it in Bertrand's Memoirs—"I know men and I tell you that Jesus Christ is not a man. Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne and myself have founded empires, but upon what did we rear the creations of our genius? Upon force. Jesus Christ alone founded an empire upon love, and to this very day there are millions who would die for Him." Of all the brilliant words of Napoleon these are among the most brilliant and wisest of them all. For the conquest of Jesus is the conquest of the soul. It is the conquest of the deepest and last thing in man. His weapons are the weapons of His love. By these He will win where others fail, and every conquest is a conquest that endures. There is no other hope of a world kingdom, for no kingdom can hope for universal sway that does not base itself upon the conquest

of the deepest thing in man. It is that citadel that Jesus carries and that is the reason that no man can ever truly say that he belongs to the kingdom of Christ who has not yielded up to Him the inner citadel of his soul.

3. And just because His conquest is a conquest of the deepest thing in man, He meets the third qualification for world power in that He *secures the highest good of man.* For there are no interests so precious as the spiritual interests, and the highest good of these is the highest good of the whole man. Man has a body, but man is a soul. Whatever kingdom claims his allegiance must be a kingdom that secures the highest good of the highest part of man. And this has Jesus done. He has done it and none other has done it. It is His work and not the work of another. He has emancipated the souls of men. It may be within the power of others to lift the burdens from the body; Jesus alone can lift the burdens of the soul. It may lie within the power of others to enfranchise the mind; Jesus Christ alone can liberate the spirit. He has met our worst enemies; He has removed our burdens; He has cleansed our stain;

He has cancelled our guilt; He has made possible our fellowship with the highest; He has opened to men the expanses of heaven; He has charged life with purpose; He has guaranteed our fullest development on the highest possible pattern towards the highest possible goal. The good of the world and the good of the individual are safe within His hands. He has caught us up into the eternal enterprises of God, and it we will we may share in the abiding glories and profits of His kingdom and serve Him from the steps of that Throne that shall never pass away.

My friends, this is the true world power. This is the one kingdom that will survive. The issue is joined, the battle is set, and the outcome is sure. To-night I summon you in the name of the King to join your fortunes to His. It is Christ against Cæsar, truth against error, light against darkness, freedom against tyranny, the golden day against the dark age. Where do you stand? Under what sovereign do you serve? Is it the Emperor or the Child? Is it Christ or Cæsar?

II

SHATTERING THE NEST

II

SHATTERING THE NEST

TEXT:—*"As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings, so the Lord alone did lead him, and there was no strange god with him."*—Deut. xxxii., 11, 12.

OF all the figures of the Old Testament, perhaps there is no other that illustrates in such a striking fashion the severity and tenderness of the Divine love. It was a figure that was familiar to the vivid imagination of every Oriental mind. On the face of some high cliff, far above the plain, on a ledge of rock, an eagle, with instinctive wisdom, has built her nest, far from the prowling of wild beasts and safe from the fury of the storm. There she has hatched and reared her young. In the early days of their helpless babyhood she has carefully protected them, and has gone out, swift of pinion, keen of eye, and strong in beak

and claw, to find their daily food. Under her tender care they flourish till their callow days are gone and the time has come when they must fly and forage for themselves on the wide plain below. But every attempt on the part of the mother bird to induce them to leave their nest is unavailing. The cliff is so high, the plain is so far below, the air is so wide and empty, the ledge is so safe, and their wings are not yet tried. You can see the mother eagle thrusting them out from the nest, but they only flutter about here and there and hurry back to the shelter of their cosy home. And then the eagle does a strange and what seems a cruel thing. She deliberately wrecks her nest, tearing it to pieces with her claws and scattering its ruins out in the abyss below till the fledglings are left without a shelter on the lofty height. They are driven off the ledge. But the mother bird hovers over them. She guides them in their flight. By her own example she teaches them to use their wings. If one of them should weary and begin to fall, she swoops beneath it and bears it up on her strong pinions, but when its wings are rested and its fear is gone, she swoops

from beneath it again, and tosses it out once more upon the empty air.

And thus the young birds are forced to venture into that great space in which for all the future they must live and move and have their being. So they are compelled to use their wings, to develop their strength, to measure their latent energies against the forces of Nature until their pinions are trained, their eye is keen, the beak and claw grow strong, and the stout young eagle goes out to the enjoyment of his native element with the full use of every tested power.

It was in the terms of that stern symbolism that Moses viewed the severity and tenderness of the Divine love, and also interpreted the secret of the nation's history. He was looking back, near the close of life, upon the dealings of Jehovah with His chosen people, dealings not always easy to understand. But a gleam of light came through the picture of the eagle and her nest. What if God were the great mother eagle of the race? Indeed, had not Jehovah said, "You know what I did to the Egyptians, and how I bore you on eagles' wings and brought you unto Myself."

Through the ages, therefore, one increasing purpose runs. It was God, then, who shook them out of their shelters in Egypt. It was the Lord who broke up the stagnation of their life. It was Jehovah who shattered their homes in Goshen, where they were content to remain in debasing slavery. It was God who forced them through the discipline of the wilderness, who sent them out into the venture of the desert, where their powers were awakened, their nationhood trained, where they were fitted for their place in history and prepared to step into the great scheme of redemption to which they were so vitally important in the purposes of God.

You will instantly recognize that here is uncovered one of those primitive and fundamental principles lying at the basis of all life—a principle that holds good not only in the natural world, in the training of eagles, but in the supernatural world, in the training of human life.

The Individual Experience

And before I pass on to speak c ° the one themethat is uppermost in allour minds to-day,

let me try your patience a moment while we note the bearing of this principle on the individual. The truth is simply this—that every human life, to come to its best and highest, to be fitted for and reach the goal for which it was intended, will find its nest shattered, and must be prepared to confront those upheavals that break up our shelters and cast us out on the wide spaces of the new and the untried. We need not go beyond our own lives to know how prone we all are to settle down into the snug and complacent nest that our circumstances may afford, refusing to face the new and the unknown. Ah, then it is the part of God's wisdom and love to allow the shattering of the nest, that in the consequent discipline our powers may be developed and our faith in Him increased.

Such a principle lies at the basis of all intellectual growth. Change is a prime condition of all apprehension and intelligence. The mind dies under stagnation. It only expands as it is compelled to venture into the hitherto unexplored. As James Martineau says: "Dipped for ever in the same scene, plunged in the one color, filled with one monotone, no

perception would be startled into birth; the glance of attention sleeps till the moment of transition· it leaps out at the edges of light and darkness, of sound and silence, and in crossing the line first learns the realms on either side." Much more is such an upheaval the condition of all moral and spiritual progress. The most earnest souls have welcomed the day when their nest was shattered, when they were pushed off their comfortable ledge to test their wings in the unknown spaces of life. You recall that prayer of Robert Louis Stevenson, which he calls "The Celestial Surgeon," offered when he feared the loss of the keen appreciation of life's common joys:

> If I have faltered more or less,
> In my great task of happiness;
> If I have moved among my race,
> And shown no glorious morning face;
> If beams of happy human eyes
> Have moved me not; if morning skies,
> Books, and my food, and summer rain,
> Knocked on my sullen heart in vain:—
> Lord! Thy most pointed pleasure take,
> And stab my spirit broad awake;
> Or, Lord, if too obdurate I,
> Choose thou, before that spirit die,
> A piercing pain, a killing sin,
> And to my dead heart run them in!

Often and often was that prayer answered in Stevenson's experience; not often through pleasure, but many times through pain. Every nest he feathered was shattered. He was constantly being driven off the ledge of life. He was ever testing his wings against the stormy gales: but think of the pinions he had, think of the vision he gained, think of the ranges he swept, and then ask if it was not an eternal kindness that hovered over him.

The Present Crisis

And now, not for one individual but for millions, not for one nation alone but for almost every nation of Europe, there has been shattered, at one ruthless stroke, the precarious nest of international peace that has been tottering so long on the doubtful security of the diplomatic ledge. To-day we are involved in a struggle such as the world has not known before and the issues of which are beyond any human wisdom to forecast. This is not the hour nor the place to deal with the long train of events leading up to this crisis, so far as those events are known to the world. The

sobering fact is this, that the calamity is upon us, and we must see it through to the end. We have put our hand to the plough, and there can be no looking back, and we must ask ourselves what our spirit and behavior are to be.

Almost all will depend on how far the conscience of the nation is clear before Heaven. The first spectre to be laid is any haunting fear as to the righteousness of our cause. In that region every man must decide for himself. For my own part, I do not hesitate to say that there is enough, and far more than enough, on the open page of our diplomacy, as set forth in the White Paper published by His Majesty's Government, to clear the conscience of the nation, to strengthen her moral purpose, and clothe her with the conviction that she has unsheathed her sword in a cause that is right and just. It is now clear to all the world that our distinguished Foreign Secretary—and no greater has guided the foreign policies of Britain since the days of Pitt—that Sir Edward Grey, whose sincerity and earnestness are recognized as unimpeachable in every Court of Europe, has labored in the face of

great obstacles and in spite of sore provocation, till the last moment and beyond it, to preserve for Europe "an honorable and a lasting peace." It is now clear to all the world that by the rejection—the unwarranted and insolent rejection—of his just and generous overtures his great and beneficent purposes have been defeated. It is now clear to all the world that nothing more than Britain has done could she have done to prevent, in the first instance, the outbreak of war, and to limit, in the second instance, the area of hostilities once begun. It is now clear to all the world that nothing less than Britain demanded of Germany could she have demanded and maintain her honor. As the guardian of her own purity, which is dearer to her than life, and as the protector of the smaller States, the most reluctant must confess that Britain has gone the last step towards peace that was consistent with her own honor and consistent with that obligation that the strong must always owe to the weak. No better defence—if defence, indeed, were needed—can be found than the notable words of Britain's great Prime Minister, whose clear judgment and calm spirit, whose chastened

wisdom and unflinching courage, are among the greatest assets of the nation at this crisis in her history.

"If I am asked," said Mr. Asquith, "what we are fighting for, I can reply in two sentences. In the first place, to fulfil a solemn international obligation, an obligation which, if it had been entered into between private persons in the ordinary concerns of life, would have been regarded as an obligation not only of law but of honor, which no self-respecting man could possibly have repudiated. I say, secondly, we are fighting to vindicate the principle, in these days when material force sometimes seems to be the dominant influence and factor in the development of mankind—we are fighting to vindicate the principle that small nationalities are not to be crushed in defiance of international good faith by the arbitrary will of a strong and overmastering power. I do not believe any nation ever entered into a great controversy—and this is one of the greatest history will ever know—with a clearer conscience, and stronger conviction that it is fighting, not for aggression, not for maintenance even of its own selfish

interest, but in defence of principles the maintenance of which is vital to the civilization of the world."

Every word in that historic paragraph is weighty and none more so than the last sentence. It is the civilization of the world that is at stake. Liberty is threatened in the very cradle of liberty itself. The inalienable rights of every free-born citizen throughout the world are jeopardized by the aggressive tyranny of a proud and insolent militarism. The supremacy of the German spirit over Europe would set the civilization of the world back a thousand years. The fruits of our freedom are too precious to be abandoned after the long struggle of the centuries. That freedom was purchased on the blood-soaked fields of Europe by our fathers and, please God, it shall not be sold without the blood of their sons. There never was a better cause undertaken after more patient exhaustion of the means of an honorable peace, and in the face of more deliberate and insulting provocation, and there are no lengths of resistance and self-sacrifice, we believe, to which the British nation and the na-

tions of the Empire will not be prepared to go to defend the right and to crush that mad spirit which, beginning in "folly," has had its end in "wickedness." I speak of this because, without a clear conscience, our purpose cannot be high, our faith cannot be firm and strong; but with the profound conviction that our cause is right, the faith of the nation will remain unclouded, the courage of the nation will never falter, the sacrifice of the nation will know no limits; no defeat shall ever dismay us, no victory shall ever spoil us, for with unshamed conscience we can and we will in humblest dependence wait upon God.

The Duties of the Hour

With that deep sense of right undergirding all, what is to be the spirit of our people? There are three duties that await us:

1. We must seek, first of all, for the *good that lies beyond this conflict,* for good there surely is. It is not easy now to see its form. It is hard to trace one gleam of light through the cloud. It is difficult to behold anything in the immediate prospect but the incalcula-

ble suffering and misery that must fall on guilty and innocent alike, and the immeasurable loss that must come, not to this country alone, but to every country, and not to this age alone, "but to posterity and to the whole prospects of European civilization." But good there will be! I repeat, it is not easy now to see.

> For who can so forecast the years,
> And find in loss a gain to match?
> Or reach a hand through time to catch
> The far-off interest of tears?

But a "far-off interest" there will surely be to all our tears, and in the providence of God a mightier gain will match each overwhelming loss. It may be that the Empire needs this baptism of blood. We are not here to condemn one another, but to confess that, as a nation, in the riot of gain and pleasure, we have been forgetting God. Isaiah tells of a time when Israel was soggy with content, steeped in the stupor of material prosperity, morally insensible under the narcotic of worldly gain and pleasure, till it was written of them, "The heart of this people is waxed fat, their ears are dull of hearing, their eyes have

been closed, lest they see with their eyes and hear with their ears and believe with their hearts." Is it any wonder that such a nest of comfort was shattered and they passed into the captivity of Babylon, from which they emerged with a chastened view of life and a new recognition of the sovereignty of God?

Neither must we forget that it has been out of such experiences that almost every nation has come to its best in literature and art and religion. It was this fact that led Ruskin, no doubt, to make that extreme statement about war. "I found in brief that all great nations learned their truth of word and strength of thought in war; that they were nourished in war and wasted in peace, taught by war and deceived by peace, trained by war and betrayed by peace—in a word, that they were born in war and expired in peace."

Ruskin was not an advocate of war—far from it. He is only hinting at this stern fact, that without the ministry of severe discipline the best of the nation is bound to die. And surely it is a striking fact that the highest

period of literature and art and philosophy in Greece is coupled with a life and death struggle against Persia. It was when England was fighting against Spain and Spain's armada that she entered upon the "golden age" of English literature that has never been surpassed, if, indeed, it has ever been equalled, in the subsequent history of English letters. Is it not a significant fact that during the first ten years of the last century, from 1800 to 1810, or you might stretch it to 1815, at a time when all Europe was blood-dripping with the wars of Napoleon, she gave birth to almost every great man who was to guide her better destinies for a hundred years to come? In that terrible decade of travail, England gave birth to Disraeli, Gladstone, Cobden, Bright, Browning, Tennyson, Shaftesbury, and many others, all born within ten years of each other. In these same ten years Italy suckled at her bleeding breasts Cavour, Mazzini, Garibaldi, and a few years later Victor Emmanuel, the four men who secured the liberty of the Italian people and brought about the unity of the Italian kingdom. In those same ten years Germany, fighting then against

the Cæsarism of which she is now the exponent, produced her first and greatest statesman, Bismarck; France gave us Victor Hugo for literature; while the throb of that world-upheaval seemed to reach America and there sprang into being Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Henry Ward Beecher, and last and most splendid of all, Abraham Lincoln, the flower of American manhood. No! I am not an advocate of war. I believe that "war is hell" and comes out of hell. But let us not forget that in His overruling wisdom God brings good out of evil; He will make the wrath of men to praise Him; and let us remember that the highest spiritual interests and hopes of the race were redeemed and secured out of the mystery of suffering by the world's Saviour in Gethsemane and Calvary.

Already, in the present crisis, there is much that has been gained. The hearts of men everywhere have been cleansed of cowardice and divorced from selfishness by the superb spectacle of Belgium—heroic little Belgium—lifting herself with victorious courage against the

aggressions of a tyrannous and unscrupulous foe. Within our own Empire we have seen, as by a miracle, the sudden welding of the nation's life. Men and parties which a fortnight before were irreconcilable leaped into one another's arms. Without regard for political attachments, men have been invited to accept, and have accepted, the gravest responsibilities at their country's call. The opening of homes and mansions for hospitals, the outpouring of a quarter of a million in a single day for the Prince of Wales' Fund, the magnificent response to his Majesty's call for volunteers—prove that the spirit of t' nation is not dead and the spirit of sacrifice, 'ank God, still lives. Ireland, which ten days before was the blackest cloud on our otherwise bright sky. is now the brightest spot on the dark horizon, for Nationalist Catholics of the South and Protestant Ulstermen of the North, ready two weeks before to lock arms in civil strife, are now shoulder to shoulder to defend the nation's honor and protect the country's flag. The danger that has threatened the Motherland has brought her children from over the seas with swiftest steps to her side. From

India and every self-governing Colony of the Empire have come the warm and unsolicited assurances of support. You know the response awakened in Canada, and I am confident that I voice the spirit which animates this land, that there shall not be lacking the full share of men and treasure and courage to assist that dear old Motherland who has bequeathed and secured to us the sweetest and truest liberties we enjoy.

2. Our second duty is to remember that *God is over all.* In the stately words of our lesson, "It is He that sitteth upon the circle of the earth and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers." The nations before Him are as a drop of a bucket. He is the exalter of princes and the debaser of monarchs. He setteth up whom He will and putteth down whom He shall choose. Eagle-like He moves with lordly power in lofty planes. He is strong to destroy as well as to save. His eye is keen to mark every foul thing upon the earth. His sudden justice often swoops down on the rotting carcase of Society to rend it in pieces with His unexpected judgment. We recall

what Victor Hugo said of Waterloo: "Was it possible for Napoleon to win Waterloo? We answer, No. Why? Because of Wellington? No. Because of Blucher? No. Because of the rain? No. Because of God. It was time this vast man should fall. He had been impeached before the throne of the Infinite and his fall had been decreed." And then Victor Hugo adds, with almost a touch of sacrilege: "Napoleon bothered God." Woe to the nation that "bothers God"! We can hope and ask for nothing higher than to be the instruments of His will in all His unfolding of the moral order. And if so be that we are among those who are His chosen ministers of judgment, we must do our appointed work thoroughly and well. And I do not say that with the German people in mind. There is a sense in which we are not at war with the German people, but with a war spirit behind them which they detest and under which they groan as deeply as we. And it can hardly be doubted that they shall serve the interests of peace and the Kingdom of the Prince of Peace who shall join hands to blot out from the face of the earth that selfish, cruel, unscrupu-

lous, blood-lusting spirit of militarism, which, for the gratification of its own ambitions, does not hesitate "to wade through slaughter to a throne and shut the gates of mercy on mankind."

3. Our third duty is to *fortify ourselves for great sacrifice.* We shall all be sufferers. There is no one, rich or poor, high or low, from the King with his overwrought anxiety to the lowliest child, on whom the burden will not fall. The pressure of pain will come upon Society everywhere. Destitution will not be slow to visit us. Sorrow shall sit on every doorstep. The homes of great and small will be wrapped in gloom alike because the light will have died out of young eyes, and the strong hearts of fathers and husbands and brothers and sons will have ceased to beat. It is the duty of all to sink their selfish interests in the interests of mankind. We must lend ourselves—as each one may—to the service of others. The individual loss, the individual grief, the individual discomfort, must be forgotten. We have had a noble example set for us by President Wilson of the United

States of America, who, from the bedside of his dying wife, penned the messages of mediation to every warring State of Europe, messages which thus far have fallen on deaf and heedless ears. It is not easy thus to subordinate personal grief to the service of mankind. But it must be done. The rich must pour out their wealth like water; the poor, their sympathy and service. Employers must protect employees who often live on such a narrow margin. Employees must be considerate of their employers who have such immense interests at stake. All greed and attempts to trade on the nation's disaster must be crushed out of our hearts. Not even in money or food must we try to hoard beyond our daily and sufficient need. Above all things, we must clothe our spirits in humility and intercession. We must bear in our souls, not the weakness of panic but the power of peace. We must carry on our lips, not the empty boastings of pride but the persistent prayers of faith. For our help is in God. It is in no other. More than all else our leaders need—and shall I say desire—our prayers, that theirs may be the Divine wisdom and theirs the Divine power.

The nest is shattered! The birds are out upon the empty air. We know not what the end may be. We know not the ghastly harvest of the plain below. But this we know, that our hope must be in God. He will not be far from those who put their trust in Him. He will be above, below, and round about them, to bear them on His strong pinions, for "the Eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."

III

ALLIANCE AND ENTENTE: THE SOLIDARITY OF THE RACE

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TEXT—*" . . . . The new man, which is renewed in knowledge after the image of him that created him: where there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free: but Christ is all and in all."*—Colossians 3: 10, 11.

THE sentiments of these words are echoed in many parts of the scripture, but they fall with peculiar and startling force from the lips of Paul because in birth and training and temperament he was the greatest individualist of his day. The native atmosphere of this youth was designed to call him away from the world-idea of the common life of man, and everything conspired to make him proud and exclusive and self-contained. By nature he was one of those independent spirits who is born to lead, who is a pioneer in the world of thought, blazing new trails, establishing new standards, and setting aside with a fine aloof-

ness of soul the assistance and companionship of men. He had been born, as you know, into the great Roman Empire, the proudest and most exclusive of the old empires of the world. When occasion demanded it, Paul appealed to his rights as a Roman citizen, and even to the last the flash of the old Roman fire would leap forth from his eye. And above all things here was a man whose religion was the religion of the Jew. It was narrow; it was Pharisaic; it was traditional; it was exclusive; it was selfish. He himself reminds us that "after the strictest sect of our religion I lived a Pharisee," that he was "a Hebrew of the Hebrews, as touching the law a Pharisee, concerning zeal persecuting the church, touching the righteousness which is in the law, blameless."

And now in the very intensity of that exclusive life there swept over the man a change —a breath—a power that broke down all barriers, that overleaped all boundaries, that lifted and pushed back the horizons until the social and racial and religious differences among men disappeared and there emerged instead the

great conception of the spiritual unity of the race. Strange indeed it is now to hear a bigoted Jew say to the Romans that "there is no difference between the Jew and the Greek." Strange indeed it is to hear a proud aristocrat take up the cause of the oppressed and say, "Who is weak and I am not weak? Who is injured and I burn not?" Strange indeed it is to hear a haughty Roman say that "there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free." I shall speak a little later of the power that wrought that change, but the change itself is one of the marvels of history. Once he had thought of men as Romans or otherwise; now he thinks of them as the citizens of the world. Once he had looked upon them as possible proselytes; now he looks upon them as possible saints. Once he regarded them as aristocrats or otherwise; now he regards them as the souls for whom Christ died. He has caught the great conception of the unity of mankind; he sees the solidarity, the oneness of the race, its common sin, its common sorrow, its common pain, its common hope, its common destiny—and from the moment of

that vision the world became his parish and he gave himself to the service of mankind. As Frederick W. Myers puts it finely into his lips:

"Only like souls I see the folk thereunder,
Bound who should conquer, slaves who should be kings,—
Hearing their one hope with an empty wonder,
Sadly contented in a show of things:—

"Then with a rush the intolerable craving
Shivers throughout me like a trumpet-call,—
Oh to save these! to perish for their saving,
Die for their life, be offered for them all!"

The Fact

It is this truth so mightily enthroned in and gripping the mind of Paul, that we emphasize to-night. Yes, there is such a thing as the solidarity of the race! Beneath all the accumulated rubbish of our modern society it has been oftentimes obscured. There is a sense in which all men belong to each other and belong to the whole world and are bound together in the same great bundle of a universal life. There are theoretical proofs more than sufficient to demonstrate that. Science, with its

root idea in the universality of law, forces upon us the thought of a world that is a coherent whole. Psychology, with its analysis of the mental process, declares not only the essential unity of the individual mind, but, through imitation and the reaction of mind upon mind, the presence of a universal consciousness. Philosophy, if it starts at all, must start with the assumption of a universe, a real unity of truth, and a scheme of things in which no being or phenomenon is unrelated to the whole. And what theory has declared, practical life has demonstrated. Yielding to the impulse of their common interests, we find men and women grouping themselves into families, into cities, into nations, or into groups of nations, and the dream of the Utopian poet is "the parliament of man, the federation of the world." For the past fifteen or twenty years in Europe there has been growing up one group of nations—Germany, Austria, and Italy—known as the Triple Alliance, bound together by their common ambitions and their common need. On the other hand there has been shaping another group—Britain, France and Russia—in the Triple Entente,

bound together in the defence and preservation of their common life. And not in our lifetime have we seen or shall we see such a demonstration as this war has furnished of the solidarity of the race. The first blow had not been struck twenty-four hours till it was felt in the farthest corners of the world. It was not the nations who were involved who alone were affected, it was every nation on the face of the earth. The effect was felt in every stock exchange, in the industrial markets, in the home life, in the travelling conveniences, in the personal relationships of men. Because of that blow, 500 miles away a sentry took his place beside a wayside bridge in a Scottish glen; 5,000 miles away a mother's head is bowed in grief in Vancouver; a child on the other side of the world is fatherless in Australia; a soldier joins his army in the seclusion of Thibet. Because of that blow a king of a cannibal island in the heart of the Pacific must needs declare his neutrality towards the nations he has never seen. The vibrations of that blow have thrilled into the last and farthest fibre of the world's life. Nations may be neutral, but they cannot escape. Homes may be dis-

tant, but they are not exempt. O yes, there is a great world life to which we all belong. There may not be a common language of the lips, but there is a common language of the soul. The yellow Mongolian, the swarthy Latin, the fair Saxon, the red-skinned Indian, merge all their colors in the common hue of the crimson tides of the heart, and manhood recognizes manhood by the swift instinct of the mind.

And what theory has propounded and life has proved, revelation has confirmed. God has made of one blood all nations of the earth. We are members one of another, and none of us liveth unto himself, and no man dieth unto himself. We are inextricably bound up with one another in joy and sorrow, in life and death. You will remember how Lowell teaches that in some of the most vigorous verse he ever wrote. The noble deed of one nation uplifts the whole world, for:

"When a deed is done for freedom, through the broad
earth's aching breast
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from East
to West,
And the slave where'er he cowers feels the soul within
him climb

To the awful verge of manhood, as the energy sublime
Of a century bursts full-blossomed on the thorny stem of time."

Ah, yes, but the reverse is also true, and the tyranny of one nation crushes farther into the earth the slave of every land. It was for that reason that all the world regarded the sacking of Louvain, not only as a crime against Belgium, but as a crime against Humanity.

"So the Evil's triumph sendeth, with a terror and a chill,
Under continent to continent, the sense of coming ill,
And the slave where'er he cowers feels his sympathies with God,
In hot tear-drops ebbing earthward, to be drunk up by the sod,
Till a corpse crawls round unburied, delving in the nobler clod."

And that is possible because men are bound together, and for the reason that when you smite one life you smite the whole corporate life of man.

"For mankind is one in spirit, and an instinct bears along,
Round the earth's electric circle, the swift flash of right or wrong;

Whether conscious or unconscious, yet Humanity's vast
frame,
Through its ocean-sundered fibres feels the gush of joy
or shame:—
In the gain or loss of one race all the rest have equal
claim."

The Basis

This then is the fact, and now, in the second place, we ask for the basis on which it surely rests. What is this binding element in human life? I have already hinted that it lies deeper than language or color or climate or creed. It does not rest upon the natural affinities of the nations, for even in the present war many of the natural affinities are destroyed and unnatural antagonisms or unnatural alliances have risen up. Britain and Germany, oftentimes the allies of the past in the cause of liberty, are ranged against each other to-day, but the time will come again, we trust, when the true Germany will stand once more as the champion of freedom. Russia and Japan, fighting a few years ago to the bitter death in the Orient, have joined hands in a common cause. South Africa twelve years ago was slaughtering Britain's sons on the

South African veldt and now is sending her sons to the defence of the Empire. No! No! This solidarity of the race lies deeper than any consideration I have named. If you will note two phrases in my text you will see how Paul reveals the bonds that bind the race in one. In the first part of the verse he tells us that man was created in the likeness of God, "after the image of Him that created him"; in the last part of the verse he tells us that all the distinctions are blotted out because Christ is present in human life and "Christ is all and in all." Here, then, are the foundations on which the solidarity of the race abides —first, because the human is created in the image of the Divine, and second, because the Divine is incarnate in the image of the human. Take this congregation here to-night. You are strangers to me, many of you, and most of you to one another, and yet we are all bound together in a solidarity of life. It is not because we live in the same city, or speak the same language, or seek the same interests. It is because that in me and in you and in every one of us there is the image of God. It may be, and it is, fearfully defaced and scarred,

but nevertheless the traces of the image remain. We have something in common, and it is the shattered heritage of the Divine. Some of you will say that the only common quality we have is sin, and it is true we all have that quality—no man without it—but man has sin because man has a moral nature that is capable of good or evil, and man has a moral nature because he was created in the image of God.

But that is not all. There is another unifying bond—it is the presence of Christ. You talk about the solidarity of the race. What if God Himself were to step into the solidarity! And this He has done. "A God must mingle with the game." Christ is the ideal head of humanity. Their common hopes and fears and aspirations, their sin and their salvation, are all undertaken by Him. He has assumed the liabilities of the race. He has taken over the spiritual fortunes of the whole world. When you remember that every man in the world is a man for whom Christ died, that every man in the world is a man in whom Christ may reproduce Himself, that every man in the world is a man for whom Christ alone has fur-

nished the opportunity to realize the best and the highest and be changed into His image —then you begin to see how for humanity "Christ is all and in all," how we are bound together not only by the failure of the first Adam, but by the victory of the last Adam, and how it may be true that in Him "all things are yours; whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours; and ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's."

The Implications

The implications arising from this great truth are too many and far-reaching to be followed out to-night. But there are two of them that I wish to emphasize before I close—the one is the great obligation resting upon each of us because of our place in the solid world, the other is the great hope coming to us because of God's place in the same solidarity of life.

1. We get a glimpse of the tremendous *responsibility that rests upon each individual life.* Because of the solidarity of the race it lies

within our power to help to make or mar the world. "Our echoes roll from soul to soul and go forever and forever." It is impossible for you to cheat a man in business in Toronto without affecting the life of China. It is impossible to yield to greed, or indulge in sin, or cherish vanity, or wallow in lust, without striking a blow at the spiritual interests of the Hottentots of Africa. And, thank God, the other side is also true. You cannot live a noble life in a common hamlet without blessing the life of India; you cannot be unselfish in motive and pure in thought without uplifting the life of the whole world.

"No stream from its source
Flows seaward, how lonely soever its course,
But some land is gladdened. No star ever rose
And set without influence somewhere."

I want to say that to the very weakest and lowliest life here. I want to say it to the timid little mother who creeps out into the big world from her humble home, thinking that she counts for nothing. You do not count for nothing; you count for everything; as any one of us may count for everything in the good

of the world. Ah, it is a solemn thing to live! To-day the sober judgment and moral sense of the civilized nations have passed the verdict of guilt upon the Prussian military party and their philosophy of might. And they are not mistaken. It was Germany that lighted the fuse that has fired the crowded magazine of modern civilization. The perpetration of that crime lies at her door. But while all that is true, let us remember that we are not guiltless. We are not guiltless as a nation nor as individuals. We have all had our share in preparing the conditions that have brought about the war. In our love of ease and power, in our greed and grasping, in our adherence to false standards, in our departure from the simple life, in our riot of gain and pleasure, we have fostered those carnal forces and have prepared the way. It is for that reason that we ought to humble ourselves before God in repentance. And our repentance will count. We can help to prepare the way for peace. To-day we pray for peace and long for peace that is lasting. My friend, the beginning of that must begin with you. If you want to count for peace you must become in yourself

a centre of peace. The peace of God must enter your life. You must adopt the standards of Christ in your thinking, the spirit of Christ in your heart. Your best hope of setting up the kingdom in Europe is to set up the kingdom in your own soul. You must put away your selfishness, abandon your sin, bend your judgments to the standards of Jesus. It is not impossible. By faith in Christ Jesus and by the power of His Holy Spirit, it was done in Paul and it may be done in you. I speak to you, everyone and each one, each by each, when I say that so long as you refuse to surrender your whole heart to Christ and live by His laws, to that degree you are a menace to the peace of the world and a barrier to the progress of the race.

2. But out of this principle we get a glimpse of *a great hope*. It is this, that God is in "the game." He is a member of the race. He is in its solidarity. He is not separated from it. You wonder what He thinks of it and how He bears it. Man, you forget your gospel! Look you at Calvary and you will see what He thinks of it and how He bears it. He has put Himself beneath the crushing burden. He has let

the world's great pain press upon His own heart. He suffers in it and for it and in His suffering he redeems it. He has joined up His fortunes with our fortunes. The hazardous fortunes of the race are in His hand, and He will not suffer them to fail. We shall not utterly be lost. And in our great Head of the race, its true Head, we shall see the gathering, some day, of all peoples and nations and kindreds and tongues in the solid and holy unity of a redeemed family, and happy shall we be if through Christ we shall be found within their midst.

IV

A PLACE IN THE SUN: THE GOD OF HISTORY

Revelation is "apocalypse" (i.e. uncovering
unveiling) Apocalypses were written at times
when the righteous suffered oppression by a
foreign power. The message of the apocalypse
was that deliverance was coming, & that
the righteous were to wait for it in patience.
In this sense, an apocalypse differed from
prophecy, which for the most part, warned
unfaithful Israel of the coming
of a "Day of the Lord" & called for
repentance. Apocalypses were written
when men were humbled because the promises
of God made by the prophets seemed to be
unfulfilled. Regardless of, the apocalyptic
writer set out to justify the ways of God.

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IV

A PLACE IN THE SUN: THE GOD OF HISTORY

Text:—*"And I saw an angel standing in the sun."*—Revelation 19: 17.

The phrase that has suggested our subject for to-night is one that has been on the lips of the German people for the past ten or fifteen years. We are not quite certain who coined the phrase in the beginning, but it is generally supposed that it sprang out of the fertile brain of the Kaiser himself. Over and over again he has repeated it to his people. Over and over again the world has been told that Germany must have her "place in the sun." And not only are we uncertain about its exact origin, but we are also uncertain about its exact meaning. It is one of those subtle phrases that expresses the hidden quality of a nation's character and unconsciously uncovers the secret purpose and driving motive that sends

her on her way. There can be little doubt that in its first use it simply signified the desire on the part of Germany to have an equal chance with all the other great nations of the world. She wanted the opportunity to develop her resources, to perfect her institutions, to expand her influence, and to live out the genius of her life. There was a sense (though no one else could be blamed) in which she was handicapped in the opportunity to live. There can be no doubt that in her present form she came into the arena at a very late date, when all the best opportunities were gone and the place of influence held by the older and stronger nations of the world. She came at a time when the national and international institutions were more or less settled and the hard and fast lines of their development were long and deeply laid. She came at a time when nearly all the other great nations had reached maturity or were well upon the way. She came with a strong, young, buoyant life, with a rapidly increasing population at a time when there was no place to put it because all the vacant territory of the world had been pre-empted by other European powers and there was no open door

for the colonial expansion of the German race. In other words, the other members of the European family had basked in the sunshine of a great opportunity. They had had their share; Germany felt that she had been overshadowed—crowded into the twilight: and from this time on she must have an equal chance; she must have "a place in the sun."

But if that was the original idea of the phrase it soon took on a dark and sinister meaning. Not only did Germany want "a place in the sun," but she wanted the most central and commanding place of all. She demanded that she should stand in the centre. The full meridian glory must fall on her, and her alone. Her shadow would stretch itself across the world. If other nations lived at all, they must live through sufferance. They must pass their days in the shadow of that one great figure that claimed the commanding and conspicuous position in the sunlight of civilization. Indeed, she herself would be the sunlight of the world. And so what was a fair claim passed into an arrogant demand; what was a privilege became a right; what was an equal share became the whole ownership. All

else must stand in the shadow. Her motto became: "Prussia at the head of Germany; Germany at the head of Europe; Europe at the head of the world." To put it briefly, there must be one great controlling element in the life of mankind, and that one element must be the German power. "A place in the sun!"

Well, our text reminds us that nineteen hundred years ago in a very striking and beautiful figure, John the apostle told us about this "place in the sun," and who it was that held it, and how He secured it, and what He achieved through the power that He had gained. "I saw an angel standing in the sun." In these closing chapters of the Revelation there passes before the eyes of John the vision of the new heaven and the new earth. He gets a glimpse of the perfect civilization that is to be. Behind it all and within it and through it and dominating all he discerns a power that holds the central place,—a power that is the guiding and moving spirit of history. "An angel standing in the sun!" I do not think we are supposed to take John's words in any literal sense. The "sun" with him, for the most part, is symbolic of the spiritual light and

glory and blessing attendant on the reign of Christ. The "angel," for the most part, is symbolic of some Divine presence that pervades the church, or the Kingdom, or the world, or human life. It is a very significant thing that close to my text, and in the very next breath, and indeed throughout the chapter, that Divine presence is identified with the radiant Son of God. And so when John says that he "saw an angel standing in the sun," he means that in the world there is a Divine presence out of which all its glory springs; that there is something behind the world of matter that we cannot see and cannot account for; that beneath all the network of law there seems to stand in the dignity of omnipotence a something that is higher than law; that there is a guiding mind in all our history; that there is a commanding will in human events; that there is a purpose under which life will yield its meaning; that in the motion of a butterfly's wings and in the mighty cataclysms of the race there is a reason so pure and great that every event is justifiable; that history is so religious that it is divine. In a word, he means that God stands at the centre of the universe. It is He who

has taken the "place in the sun." His is the hidden energy; His is the motive power; He is the controlling and guiding mind; He is the distant goal to which all things move and in whom all things consist; He is the

> "One God, one law, one element,
> And one far off Divine event,
> To which the whole creation moves."

God in Nature

When we begin to examine this truth, we see at once how clear is its proof in the realm of nature. We have all been aware, at least at times, that there is something behind the beauty and ruggedness, the moods and tempers of nature that we cannot see, an invisible presence that breathes through and breaks out from it to impress itself upon our minds. All the poets have been conscious of their inability to quite define or describe the mystic spirit that is there. Their songs have not been strong enough or deep enough or subtle enough in feeling to catch the liquid melody of a running brook. They have never been able to write verses that could match "the rhythm of the fall-

ing rain." They are helpless to fashion music that can approach the majesty of the deep-toned thunder. The silences that men create can never out-silence in stillness "the pathway of the snow." Against the background of light there emerges a something ineffably more glorious. Within and behind and speaking through nature is nature's great infinity, which is God. And that is what men like Tennyson hint at when in the beauty of a modest flower they find themselves confronted by the unexplored depths of a nameless presence. It is "the angel in the sun."

> Flower in the crannied wall,
> I pluck you out of the crannies,
> I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
> Little flower—but if I could understand
> What you are, root and all, and all in all,
> I should know what God and man is.

God in Human Experience

Carry this text into the realm of human experience and let His saints bear witness how in their joys and sorrows, their prosperities and adversities, they have been able to trace the footsteps of a Presence that ruled and

overruled, that guided and controlled, and even unveiled His face through the mantle of the darkest cloud. Hear the Psalmist say: "It is good for me that I have been afflicted that I might learn thy statutes. Before I was afflicted I went astray; but now have I kept thy word." What does this mean if not that this man found God in all his life, transmuting even the darkest sorrow into the Divinest blessing. Hear Paul, beaten, stoned, imprisoned, shipwrecked, robbed of friends, home, comforts—hear Paul say: "But I would have you understand, brethren, that the things which happened unto me have fallen out rather unto the furtherance of the gospel; so that my bonds in Christ are manifest in all the palace and in all other places." To Paul there was a Divine purpose even in his chains. Or hear Frances Ridley Havergal, from a bed of sickness, with not a moment's surcease of pain, say:

I take this pain, Lord Jesus, from Thine own hand,
The strength to bear it bravely, Thou wilt command.

* * * * * *

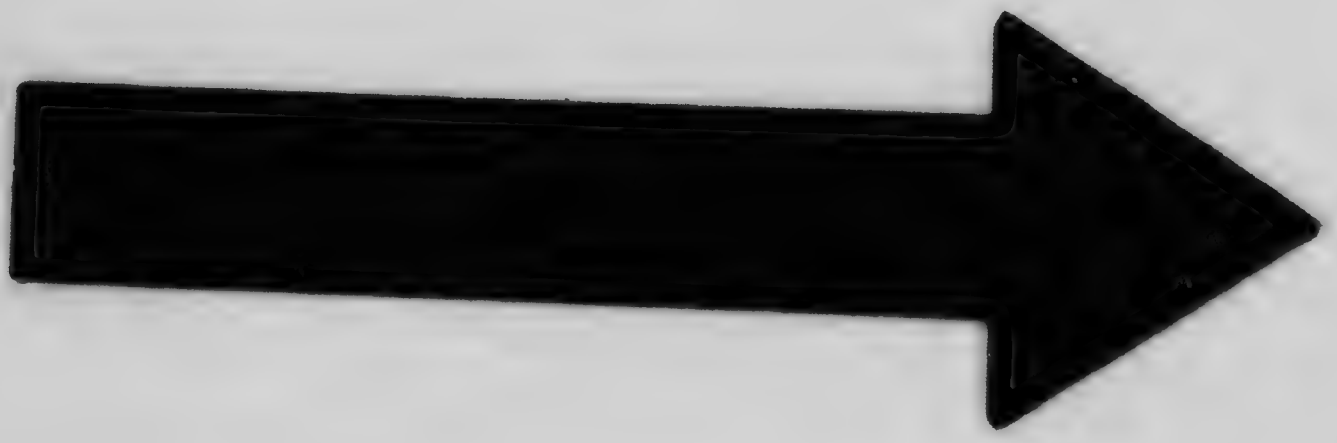
'Tis Thy dear hand, O Saviour, that presseth sore,
The hand that bears the nail-prints for evermore.

And now beneath its shadow, hidden by Thee,
The pressure only tells me Thou lovest me!

These are the glimpses of those who have read the secret meaning of human life, who have learned to know that "all things work together for good to those who love the Lord," who with eyes that were cleansed of the dust of earth and deepened in spiritual penetration have seen the vision of an "angel standing in the sun."

God in History

Take with you this truth out into the wider tracts of the history of the race, and its lines are writ so large that "he who runs may read." I do not deny that many a man at many a time has found it hard to trace the footsteps of God in the ebbing and flowing of the human progress. So dark, so forbidding, so puzzling have been the prospect and the retrospect alike that men have been led to ask, "Is there any God at all? Is there any guiding mind? Is there any dominating will? Is there any loving heart? Is there any holy end? Is there any angel in the sun?" To all these fear-born questions the long verdict of history gives only one reply—there is! Even a passing glance at a few



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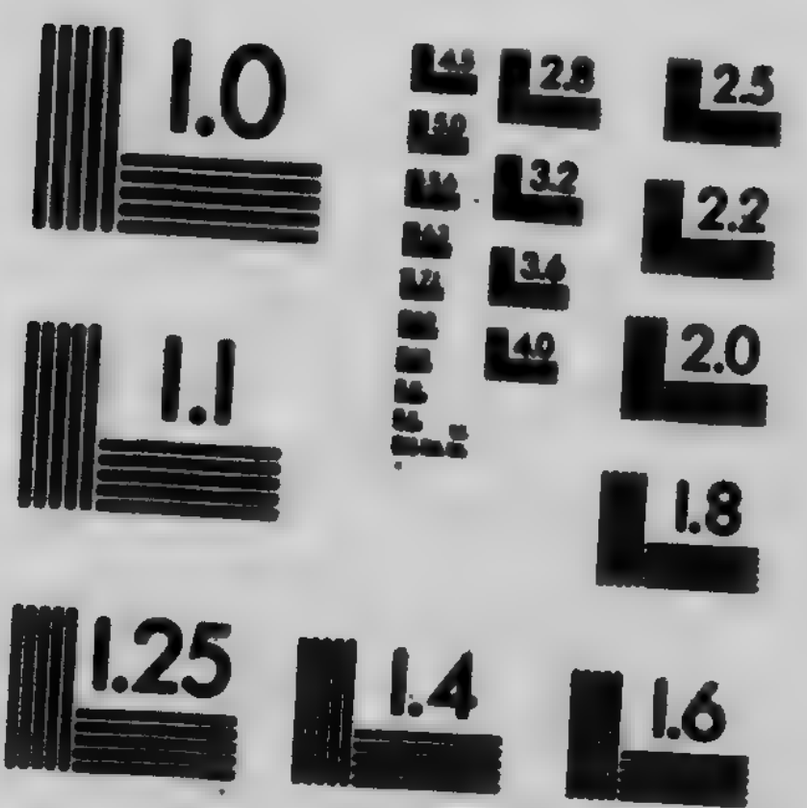

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of the great turning points of the race will serve to make that clear. Never was there a day so dark in the history of Israel as the day of the Exile. The wistful home hunger of the patriot was eating out their hearts. Their beautiful Jerusalem was in ruins, their temple desecrated, their walls battered down, the ploughshare of the conqueror had gone over the ground on which their homes had stood. And they themselves had been driven away from their native land, away to the low, wide plains about Babylon, and there were no mountains as at home, to break the long weary monotony of the skyline and speak to them of the everlasting God who was round about His people, and there were no dashing, sparkling mountain streams to sing the message of His care. It was little wonder that after their fitful attempts to cheer their hopeless and dejected spirits they "hanged their harps upon the willows," for "how shall we sing the Lord's song," said they, in a strange and captive land? Yet history has justified it now as faith justified it long since. It proved to be the salvation of Israel. In that experience they were cleansed and chastened. In that experience

they came to a new recognition of God. Through that experience they were prepared to play their part in the great scheme of redemption to which they were so vitally important in the purposes of God. And if you want to see further how God can step into history, recall the instrument by which He broke the power of Babylon and set His people free. Much is said to-day about the strange alliance between civilized England and so-called semi-barbarous Russia. It is not the first time that Jehovah has taken a strange weapon to fight His battles. In the case of Israel He laid hold of a pagan people. He summoned Cyrus, a pagan king, a leader of a nation who were not Jehovah-worshippers, "a ravenous bird from the East," as Isaiah called him, and for the time being he became the sword of vengeance in the hand of that angel that standeth in the sun.

Or take a second instance. Perhaps the mightiest shock that Europe yet has known was felt in the downfall of the Roman Empire. When the disaster came, it was thought that the gods were angry and that Christianity, newly accepted in the Empire, had proved a

failure. But in that dark day Augustine wrote his famous treatise on "The City of God," in which he proved the reverse. It was the clearing of the foundations for the building of a nobler structure. It was the Eternal Builder sweeping away the débris that the Eternal City—the true Eternal City—might rise. Out of that cataclysm came a new liberty for the individual, the opening of new doorways for the doctrine of the Christ, and the assertion of those eternal principles which underlie the whole superstructure of our free institutions. And in that turning point of history one can discern again the overshadowing presence of that One who sets the bounds on the ambitions of men, and orders all things after the counsels of His own will. "And now," says Kingsley, speaking of that Gothic invasion under which Rome went down, "and now, gentlemen, was this vast campaign fought without a general? If Trafalgar could not be won without the mind of a Nelson, or Waterloo without the mind of a Wellington, was there no one mind to lead these innumerable armies, on whose success depended the future of the whole human race? Did no one

marshal them in that impregnable convex front, from the Euxine to the North Sea? No one guide them to the two great strategic centres of the Black Forest and Trieste? No one cause them, blind barbarians without maps or science, to follow those rules of war without which victory in a protracted struggle is impossible, and by the pressure of the Huns behind, force on their flagging myriads to an enterprise which their simplicity fancied at first beyond the power of mortal men? Believe it who will; I cannot.

"But while I believe that not a stone or a handful of mud gravitates into its place without the will of God; that it was ordained ages since into what particular spot each grain of gold should be washed down from an Australian quartz reef, that a certain man might find it at a certain moment and crisis of his life—if I be superstitious enough (as, thank God, I am) to hold that creed, shall I not believe that though this great war had no general upon earth, it may have had a general in Heaven; and that in spite of all their sins the hosts of our forefathers were the hosts of God."

Or take another notable instance. One hun-

dred years ago the storm of the French Revolution broke over Europe, yet the lapse of one hundred years has enabled us to see with clearer vision that it marked the downfall of an old system that gave way to the rising of a new. There was an angel in the sun. God compelled events to serve Him. How wonderful it is that at the very moment when these old systems were crashing into dust He was preparing and initiating the new movements that would bless the centuries. In the midst of that storm came the modern missionary crusade when William Carey led the attack of Christianity against the paganism of India; in the midst of that time of stress was initiated the great Sunday School movement; in the midst of the same stormy days emerged the Bible Society that has sown the seed of the Scriptures broadcast throughout the world. It was evident to all who had eyes to see that there was an angel in the sun. Writing of Waterloo, which was the culmination of that gigantic struggle, Victor Hugo says, "This madness, this terror, this falling to ruins of the highest bravery which ever astonished history, can that be without cause? No, the shad-

ow of an enormous right hand rested on Waterloo. It is the day of destiny. A power above man controlled that day. Hence the loss of mind in dismay; hence all these great souls yielding up their swords. Those who had conquered Europe fell to the ground having nothing more to say or to do, feeling a terrible presence in the darkness. That day the perspective of the human race changed. Waterloo is the hinge of the nineteenth century. The disappearance of the great man was necessary for the advent of the great century. One, to whom there is no reply, took it in charge. The panic of heroes is explained. In the battle of Waterloo there is more than a cloud, there is a meteor. God passed over it." What is this but the attempt of a brilliant man to say what John taught us long ago, that there is "an angel standing in the sun."

The Two Lessons

And now with that truth firmly established there are two lessons we must learn:

1. We must learn to *take a long view of history.* God moves across the ages with stately

step, and they who would understand Him must read His records with the light of two eternities upon them. Emerson was fond of saying that the supreme lesson of life is learning "what the centuries say against the hours." With Jehovah a thousand years is as a day and a day as a thousand years. We are too near to the great events of to-day to be sure that we read them aright. The roar of cannon deafens us; the dust of battle blinds us; the rush of events dazzles us; and the passion of the hour carries us by storm. Momentary victory may not mean success; momentary defeat may not mean failure. Above the mighty drama is God. He has taken His place in the sun. It is occupied by no other. At times it may seem otherwise, but it is not so.

"Careless seems the great Avenger; history's pages but record
One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the Word;
Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne—
Yet that scaffold sways the Future, and, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above His own."

2. Again let us learn to *take a clear view of Christ in relation to the scheme of life.* He is the angel that standeth in the sun. He is to us the manifestation of the Divine presence, "the effulgence of God's glory from the express image of His person." All things revolve about Him. All things must exist for Him. He must reign until He has put all enemies under His feet. At the very darkest hour of all He stepped into human history in the flesh. He is there, as John tells us, by the right of His cross. He has on His vesture and on His thigh a name written, King of Kings and Lord of Lords. He is the centre of all created things. He is the one who will control. Around Him the nations must bow in submission. Make no mistake. It is not Germany or another who will hold the place in the sun. It is He whose right it is to rule. It is He who has the last word of life. We stand or fall by Him and our relation to Him.

"He hath sounded forth the trumpet
That shall never call retreat,
He is sifting out the hearts of men,
Before His judgment seat.
O! be swift my soul to meet Him;
Be jubilant, my feet,
For God is marching on."

V

THE DAY! THE DAY!: THE NEMESIS OF JUSTICE

V

THE DAY! THE DAY!: THE NEMESIS OF JUSTICE

TEXT:—*"Woe unto you that desire the day of the Lord: to what end is it for you? the day of the Lord is darkness and not light."*—Amos 5:18.

"THE day!" "The day of the Lord!" "The day of the Lord is darkness and not light." These are ominous words and strangely modern as they drift across the twenty-seven centuries that lie between. They were uttered by Amos at a critical hour in the history of Israel. It was a time of impending national danger. He himself tells us that the vision came "two years before the earthquake," and at once you realize that he is thinking not so much of any quaking of earth as some great cataclysm of the nation. The truth is that the storm of war was about to break over Israel. Amos knows that it must come. His own heart tells him so. His God tells him so. Events tell him so. The signs have been ripening these many years. The sound of the conflict is already in

his ears. It is coming in the marching hosts of Assyria, who have long been preparing for the fray. Already the force of their mighty hand has been felt in the West, and Amos, who knew how to read the signs of the times, knew that it meant the day of sorrow for Israel, an Israel who by her sin deserved the wrath and the justice of God.

Besides, it was not Israel alone that would be involved. Once the blow was struck it would smite the whole circle of nations—Syria, Philistia, Phœnicia, Edom, Ammon, Moab,—north, south, east, west, the rage of battle would spread. And before he announces what the doom of Israel would be, he takes a few moments to make it clear why the sword of justice would fall on the nations round about. There is something tremendously modern about this, something that silences all the boast about the progress of our civilization. Syria will be punished, says the prophet, because she has been guilty of wanton cruelty in war, cruelty that Amos can only compare with the driving of sharp and heavy threshing boards over the ripened corn; Philistia and Phœnicia will be punished because of their

heartless slave-trade that stirred the indignation of God; Edom will be punished because of her pitiless and untiring hatred of Israel, a hatred that was nursed by day and nourished by night; Ammon, because of their unspeakable barbarity to women in a war whose only justification was the extension of territory; Moab, because of the insolence with which she desecrated the holy places of the land and insulted the pieties universally cherished toward the dead. The world around Israel was a hard and cruel world that trampled remorselessly upon the fundamental sanctities of life and liberty, and to a man of the spirit of Amos it seemed only right that they in turn should be trampled under the iron heel of the Assyrian horde.

The Case of Israel

Up to that point the nation listened with delight to their prophet. The doom of the other nations satisfied their complacent and vindictive spirits. Let it fall; they deserved it; it could not come too soon. The day! The day! Would that it were here! they would welcome it. These decadent and barbarous

nations must go down! The day! The day! But swift as lightning Amos turns upon them. They too shall be caught in the storm. They thought themselves guiltless but they were not. They boasted of their pedigree as the chosen people of God. They gloried in a sort of Divine right that sheltered them. They regarded themselves as the called of God and therefore exempt from His wrath. Their land was prosperous and they took their prosperity as a sign of the Divine favor. But their life was reeking with sin. They had trampled upon the poor; they had laid heavy burdens of taxation on the people; they had turned the sanctuaries into places of lust and merchandise; they had poisoned justice at the fountains of the nation; they had developed a class of the rich and powerful that ruled the nation with an iron hand. For all this the day of reckoning would come. It would be a day of destiny. It would be the awful havoc of war. He warns them that (5:3)

> "The city that marched forth a thousand
> Shall come back with a hundred,
> And the city that marched forth a hundred
> Shall come back with but ten."

It would be a day of terror and desperation. It would be as if a man fled from a lion and lo! a bear met him, or escaping from the lion and the bear he is met by a serpent that bites. O Israel, you have hailed the day of doom for others, but it will prove to be the day of doom for you! O Israel, you have boasted the day of defeat for others, but it will be the day of defeat for you! The day! The day! you say. "Woe unto you that desire the day of the Lord; to what end is it for you? the day of the Lord is darkness and not light."

The Case of Germany

No one can miss the very striking parallel between these words and that thing that has been cherished for twenty-five years at the heart of a great and powerful people to-day. It is a well-known fact that for these many years in the officers' mess in the army and navy of Germany there has been drunk a toast to "The Day! The Day!"—the day when the dogs of war would be slipped in Europe, the day when the doom would fall on all Germany's rivals, and on some occasions at least the hope was emphasized by smashing the

glasses from which the toast was drunk, as symbolic of the blow by which they would smash Britain when "the day" would come. Their prosperity they took as a sign of the Divine favor; their pedigree and culture as a sign of the Divine sanction. To prepare for "the day" they trampled on the poor; they laid heavy burdens of taxation on the people; they developed a class of the rich and powerful that ruled the nation with an iron hand; they poisoned the fountain springs of justice; they fanned the popular mind into a flame of war; they impregnated the soil of their national life with the seeds of hatred, suspicion, and strife. Boasting and toasting for the day, lying and spying for the day, dreaming and scheming for the day, sowing and growing for the day, wronging and longing for the day—until the conscience of the world protested in the name of God, and rose up to say, "You have hailed the day of doom for others, it will be the day of doom for you. You have hastened the day of blood for others, it will be the day of blood for you. You have boasted the day of defeat for others, it will be the day of defeat for you. 'The Day! The

Day' you say. Let it come. It cannot come too soon, would that it were here. 'Ah, woe unto you that desire the day of the Lord; to what end is it for you? the day of the Lord is darkness and not light.'"

The Spiritual Teaching

And now from these two events so far apart in point of time, so close together in character, there emerge a few great truths we do well to heed to-day:

1. *The Inexorable Working of the Moral Law.*—And first of all we are impressed with the inexorableness and certainty of the working of the moral law. Over against the sin is "the day." There is the inevitable day of the Lord, the day of reckoning. Israel imagined that she might escape the doom that would fall on others though she shared their sin. But there was not and is not any escape. There is nothing surer than that. In the moral world the laws never fail. As Plato says, the sin and its effects are "rivetted together." Certain effects follow certain causes; certain fruits will come from certain roots. It cannot be

otherwise. "Men do not gather grapes from thorns nor figs from thistles." "Be not deceived, God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." That is a truth that is not only written in the Bible but written indelibly on the conscience of man. We have put it into our proverbs. "Our sins," we say, "come home to roost," and in that we are not mistaken. "The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small," and in that we are not mistaken. Said an oppressed woman to Richelieu, "God does not always pay at the end of the week but He pays." Ah, there it is! He pays! He pays! In the old Greek mythology this sure retribution was represented and worshipped as a goddess. Her name was Nemesis—hence my subject, "The Nemesis of Justice." And she is always represented with a measuring rod to indicate that justice will measure the exact reward; she is represented with sword and scourge to indicate that justice will administer the punishment that is due; she is represented with wings, driving in a chariot drawn by swift griffins, to indicate the swiftness with which justice will follow on all the wrongdoing of men.

Ah, when will we learn this great truth that there can never be any harmless infraction of the moral law? The nation that breaks it shall suffer; so also the man. No lapse of time can ever cheat that unforgetting nemesis of justice. No stretch of space can divide you from the long arm of that moral law. As Carlyle says: "It would seem that the unjust thing has no friend in Heaven, and a majority against it on Earth; nay that it at bottom has all men for its enemies; that it may take shelter in this fallacy and then in that, but will be hunted from fallacy to fallacy till it find no fallacy to shelter in any more but must march and go elsewhither;—that, in a word, it ought to prepare incessantly for decent departure, before indecent departure, ignominious drumming out, nay savage smiting out and burning out, overtake it!"

Remembering that, we will cease to wonder that this war is upon the nations. It is the natural harvest of a seed that has been assiduously sown. It is the inevitable fruitage of the German philosophy and some of the German theology, the German ambition and the German hate. How could it be otherwise?

They that sow the wind must reap the whirlwind. For my own part, when I think of the seed that has been sown, the spirit that has been cherished, the teaching that has been rife among the nations, and Germany in particular, it would have seemed a breakdown in the whole moral order of God's economy if the harvest had not come in just the way it has.

2. *The Surprises of Judgment*—Note again the great surprise that often accompanies the outworking of the moral law. "The day of the Lord is darkness and not light." Woe unto you who call for the day! It will not be the kind of day you think it will be. Instead of light, darkness; instead of hope, despair; instead of victory, defeat. For twenty-five years Germany has called for "the day"—thinking of it only as a day of power, of victory, of easy triumph, and the humiliation of every foe. I would not be foolish enough to offer any opinion on the status of the fighting thus far, but it is safe to say that already "the day" has not proved to be all that Germany anticipated. And this is not the place nor the hour, nor is it ever the place or the hour, to say one boastful

word, but if this great struggle ends as we hope it shall, as we believe it ought if there be a God in Heaven, if it ends in the only way in which the civilized world can afford to have it end, then "the day" will prove to be a great surprise to the proud ambitions of the German power.

"But after the Day there's a price to pay
For the sleepers under the sod,
And He whom you mocked for many a day—
Listen and hear what He has to say:
'Vengeance is Mine, I will repay,'
What can you say to God?"

But it is not upon the conscience of Germany that I can hope to write that word. A nearer duty lies at hand—to write that word on your conscience now. We have a kind of easy way of thinking of sin, confusing it with good, supposing we could sow the seed of sin and from our sowing reap the harvest of righteousness. My friends, that harvest will surprise us. You remember the guilty king in "Hamlet," guilty of the murder of his brother, praying to Heaven and trying to assure himself that all may yet be well:

"What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood—
Is there not rain enough in the sweet Heavens
To wash it white as snow?"

And yet he knows there is no prayer that he can offer likely to be heard in those "sweet heavens" since

"I am still possessed
Of those effects for which I did the murder:
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen."

And then with an insight into the laws of God like the deep vision of a saint, the conscience-stricken king is made to say:

"In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
. . . . . but 'tis not so above;
There is no shuffling—there the action lies
In his true nature, and we ourselves compelled,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence."

But why should I seek an illustration of this when our Lord Himself pulled aside the veil of the future and glimpsed for us the surprise that shall fall upon men in that great day. "Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in

prison, and did not minister unto thee? Then shall He answer them, saying, Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me." For these men the day of the Lord will be darkness and not light.

This is the truth we must fearlessly face in our own hearts. There are some who in their thought of "that day" think of it only as a day of light. Are you quite sure it will prove to be so, and is your confidence well founded? It is an easy matter to get ourselves into the habit of thinking that death can only bring us good. We convince ourselves that somehow we shall "muddle safely through." We talk of death as a rest, a sleep that we shall welcome. We say that "in the grave we end the heartache and the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to." We speak as though the tide that bears us on must inevitably bear us into bliss. We say "to die is gain," forgetting that the man who said that was able first to say, "to me to live is Christ." It is the old philosophy of the self-satisfied—the philosophy of the Rubaiyat, "God's a good fellow and 'twill all be well." But life and destiny do not rest on

such a foundation as that. Let us examine
ground of our confidence, if confidence
have. Let us forget, for the moment, G
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ward-to of judgment and fiery indignation"
a day of darkness and not light.

8. *The Necessity of Atonement*—There
something in this great retribution falli
upon sin that helps us to see the necessity
that Atonement which Christ made upon t
cross. We find it difficult at times to see t
need of it, and why "it pleased the Lord
bruise Him," and how "he was wounded f
our transgressions and bruised for our iniqu
ties." But if history has made one thi
plainer than another it is this—that sin mu
be punished. It is a part of the great order

a moral world. It is a necessity to which God Himself is subject. To deal with sin in any other way than this would be a violation of the order He Himself established and a contradiction of His own nature. Well do we know that we had laid up for ourselves a "day of darkness" in our sin. Well do we know that if that sin was atoned for some one must step into the darkness; well do we know that it was not we who did that. It was Christ who took our place. That is the meaning of Calvary. It is the day of the world's darkness borne by One in whom the darkness spent itself. The blow fell on Him; the judgment was visited on Him; the sword went through His heart. He was made sin for us, though He knew no sin. We know not (and thank God need never know) how deep was that darkness, only we know that to Him the Father's face was obscured. In the desolation of that hour He cried, "My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me" My friend, He entered that darkness that you might enter into light. He bowed His head beneath that shame that you might lift your head in glory. He bore the

burden of that Cross that you might wear
splendour of that crown.

With this majestic promise then I close
majestic in its possibilities of salvation. A
you thinking of "the day! the day!" with so
deep foreboding in your heart that all may
be well? What if it were possible to put
day of darkness forever behind you! What
you were able to turn your face upon the sha
ow of your sin and turn your face to light th
is undimmed. And this can you do. Liste
"He that heareth my word and believeth
Him that sent me hath everlasting life and sh
not come unto judgment, but is passed fro
death into life." "There is therefore now
condemnation—no judgment—to them th
are in Christ Jesus." Even here and no
where you sit you may see the passing of "th
day" if you will but open your heart to Hi
In a very few minutes this congregation wi
be scattered far and wide. Would that
might cease speaking to the congregation an
take hold of the hand of some man, glad to e
cape from the condemnation of sin. Hast tho
seen the vision of righteousness? Hast tho
heard the music from the upper reaches of life

Hast thou longed for a sense of peace and the assurance that you were right with God? Come and you may have what your heart longs for. He will pardon; He will break the tyrant's power; He will dissipate the darkness and in the radiance of His love you need have no fear of the night for in Him the day of darkness is past and the true light shineth in the soul.

VI

A SCRAP OF PAPER: THE MORALITY OF NATIONS

VI

A SCRAP OF PAPER: THE MORALITY OF NATIONS

TEXT:—*"Shall he break the covenant and be delivered? . . As I live, surely mine oath that he hath despised and my covenant that he hath broken, even it will I recompense upon his own head."*—Ezekiel 17: 15, 19.

IT is a very common saying that "history repeats itself" and even a casual glance at the past centuries will show you how the wheel revolves and the experiences of the nations are reproduced again and again. Striking indeed was the parallel we noted last Sunday evening between the case of Israel that called for "The Day! The Day!" little dreaming that "The day of the Lord would be darkness and not light," and the case of Germany twenty-seven centuries later that toasted "The Day! The Day!" little thinking that it may prove for her the day not of "world power" but "downfall." Hardly less striking is the parallel we find in our text

to-night. As far back as six hundred years before Christ here was a nation that looked upon her treaties as "a scrap of paper," and, regardless of honor, violated her pledged and plighted word. There is no need that I should review this long story of Judah's perfidy. Suffice it to say that Zedekiah and his counsellors had bound themselves as the representatives of the kingdom to "serve the King of Babylon." The honor of the nation was pledged to that. Under a solemn compact they had agreed also to enter into no alliance with Egypt against Babylon. But in a secret and treacherous hour Judah tore her treaty to shreds. For the sake of a military advantage that might be gained she sent her ambassadors to Egypt to secure the support of the infantry and cavalry of Pharaoh. Her pledge to Babylon was nothing, her honor nothing, her promise nothing. But it proved to be a gross miscalculation. Egypt was not able to furnish the expected help. "Neither shall Pharaoh with his mighty army and great company make for him in the war by casting up mounds, and building forts, to cut off many persons" (17:17). The treacherous hopes of Judah fell to the ground. And then

the prophet Ezekiel pointed out that for all this treachery and for the violation of her honor there are two results that will surely come. The first is that the violation of their word to men will be regarded by Jehovah as the violation of their word to Him and consequently His vengeance will visit them. The second result is that on the ground where they violated their honor, on that very ground would they be humbled before the eyes of men. "As I live, saith the Lord God, surely in the place where the king dwelleth that made him king, whose oath he despised, and whose covenant he brake, even with him in the midst of Babylon he shall die" (17:16).

The Modern Perfidy

Leave behind you now the twenty-five centuries that lie between and you can read again the same story in the history of the German Empire to-day. In company with the other great nations of Europe, Germany put her signature to a solemn compact that guaranteed the neutrality of Belgium for all the future. That pledge goes back as far as 1839. From

time to time throughout the past century it was confirmed. Germany's honor was behind it; behind it also her pledged word. Prince Bismarck recognized the binding character of that treaty in 1870 and in the Franco-Prussian war the neutrality of Belgium was observed. But for the sake of a supposed military advantage in the present crisis Germany tore her treaty to shreds. It was only "a scrap of paper." To strike a swift blow at France it was necessary to pass over Belgian soil. In the presence of that selfish purpose all her honor was thrown to the winds. In the words of the German Chancellor, "Necessity knows no law." Right or wrong "he must hack his way through." With a calm defiance of all decency and honor, he says, "This is an infraction of international law. We are compelled to over-rule the legitimate protests of the Luxemburg and Belgian governments. We shall repair the wrong when our military aims have been achieved." Military aims then annul treaties; military necessity knows no law; the slaughter of thousands of innocent and peaceable citizens and the destruction of medieval monuments constitute a wrong that is to be repaired, as if that kind of

thing can ever be atoned for by any nation under the sun. I need hardly remind you how the parallel holds again. That act on the part of Germany was a gross miscalculation. By that act she enlisted against her the moral sentiment of the whole civilized world. By that act she received a check at the hands of the brave Belgian army before Liège that forbade her swift blow at France and threw the whole plan of her campaign out of joint. In the saloon of the "Royal Edward" on my return from England this summer I listened with profound interest to a group of ten or twelve Americans as they reviewed the miscalculations of Germany in a stroke to which she attached so much. She had miscalculated on Sweden, which she hoped would furnish a quarter of a million of men to strike Russia on the north; miscalculated on the spirit and strength of France; miscalculated on the courage of Belgium; miscalculated on the rapidity of Russian mobilization; miscalculated on the spirit of India and Ireland; miscalculated above all on the moral sense of the British people. In a somewhat surprised and complaining

way the German Chancellor declared, "Just for a word—neutrality—a word which in war-time had so often been disregarded—just for a scrap of paper Britain was going to make war." Ah! that was the greatest miscalculation of all. And somehow we cannot but think that the two dark results that fell upon Judah will fall upon Germany, viz.: that the violation of her pledged word to Belgium will be regarded by the Eternal Jehovah as a violation of her pledged word to Him as a Christian nation and, again, that on that very ground of Belgium where she violated her honor—on that very ground shall she be humbled before the eyes of the whole world.

Here then is raised for us the supreme question of truth and honor in our relation to men and our relation to God. It is along these two lines I can best crystallize my message tonight: first, our pledged word in relation to men; second, our pledged word in relation to God. Upon our observance of the first rests the whole structure of society; upon our observance of the second depends the pure essence of all religion.

Our Pledged Word in Relation to Men

First of all, then we observe that the great law of honor holds in the individual life between man and man. It is no light thing for a man to give his word in solemn promise to another. His word is the expression of his personality. It is not something that is separated from himself. When a man gives his word he gives himself; when he breaks his word he breaks himself. Likewise his name represents himself. In the olden days a man's name was the expression of his character. The name Jacob means "a trickster" and so Jacob proved to be. Abraham was called Abraham because Abraham means "the father of a multitude" and so Abraham was in the purposes of God. Jesus was called Jesus because that name means Saviour and it was written of Him, "Thou shalt call His name Jesus for He shall save His people from their sins." And though we do not follow the custom now, a man's name is the expression of himself. It is no light thing, therefore, to put your name to a bond, and unless a man is released honorably and willingly from it he must endeavor so far

as in him lies to redeem the honor of his name. And, thank God, this country is not without some shining examples of men who were legally discharged from some obligation they contracted for the sake of another, yet felt themselves morally bound to discharge it, and discharge it they did because their honor was involved and because they scorned to pass on to their children and their children's children a name that bore a stain.

So also does the same law of honor hold in the corporate dealings of men. In the case of the employer and employee there are obligations implied in their contract with one another as sacred as the vows one makes to God. The moral import is sacred though the written seal is not put upon it. It is because this has been disregarded on both sides at times that the troubles rise in the labor world. When a workman contracts as he does to give his time and effort and skill to his employer for a certain period of each day and squanders his time, or withholds that effort, or skimps his work, or puts less than his best skill into it, he has torn up the solemn compact to which his honor is attached and counts it no more than "a scrap

of paper." And when an employer contracts as he does to protect his workman from danger, to advance his interests, to justly recompense his labors, to stand by him in the time of stress, and fails to do these things, he too has torn up his solemn compact to which his honor is attached and counts it no more than "a scrap of paper." It will not be until we have recognized this fact that we shall see an end of some of those gigantic conflicts that shake the labor world from end to end.

What holds for the individual and the community binds itself also upon the nation. Indeed if not in word we have tried to demonstrate that the nation has no soul. It is a common enough saying that "corporations have no souls" and we have set about to prove it. We treat them at times as if they were beyond the pale of morals. Many a man who would scorn to cheat another will not hesitate to cheat a railway of his fare. Many a man who would blush to rob a merchant will with an easy conscience rob the government at the customs house. But the code of morals that Jesus shaped for individual honor is binding on national honor too. There is such a thing

as the breakdown of national morality. There are some nations that come to be trusted and some are regarded with suspicion and fear. Take the case of Germany. There has been a widespread mistrust of German diplomacy. The world has not forgotten how Bismarck edited the famous Ems telegram in 1870—changing it in two words so that it was designed to injure the pride of the French people and inflame the French spirit till it kindled into war. That seed is flourishing to-day, in the breaking of treaties, in the rending of covenants, in the utter disregard of all the accepted rules of warfare, and it may be traced back to the Bismarckian standards that stamped themselves upon the nation's life. In the present instance, German perfidy is all the more glaring and dastardly because it is so selfish and because it was directed against a small and defenceless people. I need not remind you that if such standards obtain civilization will be at an end. It is a Satanic sneer hurled with fell purpose into the midst of human life. Society under such a code would be swiftly reduced to ruins. Rather than live under such a code let us perish. And there is something to

me superbly grand in the figure of Britain's great Prime Minister standing in the Guildhall in London, as with tense, white face he declared that he would rather see England blotted out from the pages of history than to see her remain as "a silent witness to the tragic triumph of force over law and freedom."

Our Pledged Word in Relation to God

Binding as our covenants are which are made with men they are not more so than the covenants that we make with God. He is pleased indeed to regard our sacred covenants with one another as in some sense made with Himself. He is the fountain of all truth and honor and any violation of truth in the whole wide universe is a blow aimed at the sanctity of the Eternal government among men. There are many ways in which as a nation we have made our covenant with God. We repeatedly call ourselves a Christian people, which implies at least that we have accepted the moral standards and spiritual teachings of Christ. Think for a moment of the tacit covenants into which we have entered in the

phrases and mottoes in which we crystallize the sentiment of the nation. Never before perhaps in the life time of any one here have we sung so often and so fervently our national anthem:

God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us:
God save the King!

Do we stop to realize what is implied in that? It is our covenant which as a nation we have made with High Heaven on behalf of our King. In that we confess that the Royal throne stands or falls by the will of God; that victory or defeat turns upon His word; that the very life of our sovereign is in His hands. Yet there are times when in the swagger of our power we leave God out of our reckoning and in that hour we have torn our covenant to shreds and counted it as "a scrap of paper." Again! I hold in my hand a coin of the realm, a bit of silver that passes as currency, a pledge of good faith between man and man. And upon it I find this inscription: Georgius V,

Dei Gratia Rex et Ind. Imp.: George V, by the grace of God, King, and Emperor of India. Note the phrase " by the grace of God." It implies that by the gracious consent and anointing power of God our sovereign holds his place as King of Great Britain and Emperor of India. From the Royal mint with the full authority of the nation we have stamped that conviction upon every coin, gold, silver, copper, that passes into the circulation of our business life. And yet there are times when in the greedy grasping after that coin and all it represents, in our surrender to the materialism for which it often stands, we belie the profession we have made, we have torn our covenant to shreds and tossed it as "a scrap of paper" to the winds. Within the memory of all who are here except the youngest will come the recollection of that day in 1897 when Queen Victoria celebrated her jubilee, gathering her children from a hundred colonies around her knees. In that elevated moment the true imperial sentiment found its utterance in the Recessional of Kipling—Kipling who unfortunately has not always consecrated his genius to such high ends. But in that greatest

product of his literary and spiritual genius he voiced the soul of the nation:

"God of our fathers, known of old;
Lord of our far flung battle line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

And the closing verse, as it should, leads to the climax:

"For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to Guard.
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord."

Noble sentiment and nobly expressed! Yet we know that we have put our trust in "reeking tube" and "iron shard"; we have guarded and called not Him to guard; we have filled our lips with "frantic boast" and "foolish word," forgetting that by the hand of God we hold our wide dominion "over palm and pine." And we knew not that in every such hour we had torn our sacred compact to shreds and tossed it away like "a scrap of paper."

But it is not with the national covenant I must leave the application of this truth. Let me search your hearts—nay, our hearts, let me say—with this nearer and sterner fact, that we have made and broken our personal covenants with God. Glad would I be, if time permitted, to tell of His unfailing faithfulness—how He has kept His covenant with men, how before all the world He can say, "My covenant will I not break, nor alter the thing that is gone out of my lips. Once have I sworn by my holiness that I will not lie unto David" (Ps. 89: 34-35). It is that unfailing covenant that is the glory of the world and the one bit of solid footing on which men of all the ages have found a place to stand. Think you to-night of your covenants with God, some of them made in the open before men, some made in the secret place where none but you and He could hear. How have you kept them? Have they been forgotten or ignored or openly repudiated? Are they nothing more to you than "a scrap of paper"? I am speaking perhaps to some young man—your case is typical of more than one such instance I could call by name—who a few years ago found your whole heart go out in a pas-

sionate love to the woman who is now your wife. She was then an ardent Christian girl with strong convictions and high principles, true and loyal to her faith in Christ. And she told you frankly that she could never join her life to that of any man who did not share with her the faith she had in Jesus and the service she loved to render to His church. And that you promised to do. To win her for your own you pledged yourself to God, to serve her Christ and her church, and on the sacredness of that promise she went with you to the altar where you were made "one flesh." But the days have grown to months and the months have grown to years, and you have not redeemed your pledge, and the grey shade of disappointment has come into her eyes, and you have benumbed her soul and hardened your own, and as for your covenant with God you have torn it to shreds and thrown it as "a scrap of paper" into His face. I am speaking perhaps to some man or woman—your case is typical of more than one instance in my own ministry that I could call by name—who know what it is to go down to the very verge of the valley of death. You are not unlike one that I think of now to

whose bed I was called more than one night in the grim conflict for life to help him if possible through prayer to beat back the hosts of death. And like him you promised that if God gave you back your life it would be His—from that time to do with it whatsoever He would. And like his your life was given back—no one knows how. The doctor could not explain it, nor yet the nurse, nor yet the minister who sat beside you—save in this that God healed you in answer to your pledge to Him. But the days have gone, one excuse after another has been framed, one delay has followed another, and your pledge to the God who gave you back your life has not been yet redeemed. With an insolence and confidence born out of the very strength you got from him you have repudiated your vows, you have torn your compact to shreds and flung it from you like "a scrap of paper." I am speaking perchance to some father and mother—your case, too, is typical of more than one instance in my own observation that I could call by name—who in days of horror and nights of growing despair fought for the life of the child that came to bless your home. Yours may not be unlike one

home I have now in mind. Two little girls had blessed their home circle with their beauty and love. And the desire of their hearts seemed all fulfilled when the baby boy joined their happy group. He was the light of their eyes. And I well remember the night when it seemed that he could not be with them till the morning. In the utter despair of that hour they went to God. Together they promised that if He would spare their child their lives, hitherto denied to Him, would be devoted to His service. And the mother in the fervor of her heart declared that if the boy was given back to them, and God should see fit to accept him, she would dedicate him to the ministry of the Gospel of the Son of God. And she promised, too, that she would train him up with that hope in mind that he might enter, if God so desired, the highest and holiest calling among men. And the child recovered, but the pledge lies broken, a thing that is repudiated, "a scrap of paper" they have thrown back into the face of God.

What have you done with your vows, for there is no man or woman here, I venture, who has not in some way or in some hour struck a holy compact with the Lord? I call upon you

to-night to redeem your covenant. I call upon you to renounce your treachery to the Most High. I call upon you to yield yourself to Christ, whose great mercy in you and love for you and gifts upon you with your acceptance and enjoyment of His daily goodness binds you by a solemn compact that no honorable man will dare to break. Is that covenant to be nothing but "a scrap of paper"?

"High heaven, that heard that solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear."

VII

BLOOD AND IRON: THE IMMORALITY OF MILITARISM

VII

BLOOD AND IRON: THE IMMORALITY OF MILITARISM

TEXT:—*"Because thou hast had a perpetual hatred, and hast shed the blood of the children of Israel by the force of the sword in the time of their calamity, in the time that their iniquity had an end, Therefore, as I live, saith the Lord God, I will prepare thee unto blood, and blood shall pursue thee: since thou hast not hated blood, even blood shall pursue thee."*—Ezekiel 35: 5-6.

PERHAPS there is no piece of literature either in the Bible or out of it that portrays in fewer words and more graphic colors the diabolical character of the spirit of militarism as it has revealed itself in every country and in every age. The whole hell-begotten family of this hell-begotten mother troop past us in this chapter across the stage of Edom's life. Here we see the "pride" that hardens the sensibilities; here is the "hatred" that is "perpetual"; here is the "revenge" that never sleeps; here is the blood-lust that wallows in carnage; here is "envy" that clouds the reason; here is the "blas-

phemy" that shudders the soul; here is the mad and ruthless ambition that tramples under foot the sacred rights of the weak, and does not hesitate "to wade through slaughter to a throne and shut the gates of mercy on mankind."

In those days of Ezekiel it was the land of Edom that was seized with this wild insanity—an insanity that has never failed to find a victim in every age of the world's life. What you find in Edom you will find in Nero at Rome, who gloated over the human torches with which he lighted his gardens as he burned the Christians to death. What you find in Nero you find in Napoleon, in the presence of whose statue in one of the great squares of Paris, one was heard to utter these words, "Monster, if all the blood that thou hast shed were gathered in this square thou wouldst not need to stoop thy lips to drink." What you find in Napoleon you find in Prince Bismarck, whose watchword for the German Empire was summed up in that notorious phrase, "Blood and iron! by blood and iron we shall extend our power." And what you find in Bismarck you will find in modern Prussia that has sold herself to blood, that has dedicated her powerful intellect to the de-

vising and perfecting of the greatest fighting machine the world has ever seen, and prostituted her soul to that ferocious hatred that has kindled the flame of war throughout the world.

Now it is against that proud and envious and blood-lusting spirit of militarism that the swift rebuke of God is heard, not only in this chapter but throughout the whole Bible from Genesis to Revelation. There can be no doubt about the teaching of the Scripture in regard to that. No man can study the principles of Jesus without arriving at the firm conviction that in the intention of Christ concerning the Kingdom and its progress no place can be found for the spirit of "blood and iron." It is doubtless true—and it is clear enough to my own mind—that there are times and circumstances when war is justifiable, in self preservation, in the defence of liberties, in the protection of the weak, but the war of revenge, of aggression, of might, of ambition—these and the spirit out of which they spring must pass forever under the condemnation not only of Christianity but of the whole civilized world. It is doubtless true—and it is our duty if possible to see it—that there are many great moral results secured

through war, but that is not due to the thing in itself which is evil, but to the over-ruling wisdom and power of God who is able to turn the evil to good account, and "make the very wrath of men to praise Him." After all that can be said about the moral sanctions for war and the moral results of war, the fact remains that woven into the fibre of our modern civilization there is that spirit of militarism that nothing can justify—blind, revengeful, aggressive, vaulting, drunk with sight of power, intoxicated with the taste of blood, a spirit that must be cut out like a cancer, a spirit which in the individual or the nation is condemned before the bar of God's justice and impeached before the conscience of the world.

Its Barbarous Motives

The utter wickedness of the spirit of militarism is apparent when you search the motives out of which it springs. It is not the noble and heroic that gives it birth. It is born out of the baser animal passions—darkest, most cruel, most barbarous. This whirling passion that has seized the Prussian mind is not the product

of the high and honorable impulses of life. It has leaped out of the very heart of hell. Its progenitors are hatred and greed and ambition. It is always so. We have only to look into our own hearts to learn that. No matter how our judgment may condemn it, nor how we may try to crush the beast within, nor how we tell ourselves that it is devilish, it needs no more at times than the sound of fife and drum to wake these barbarous passions and make us drunk with the wild wine of war. We know quite well what Richard le Gallienne meant when he wrote,

War
I abhor,
And yet how sweet
The sound along the marching street
Of drum and fife, and I forget
Broken old mothers, and the whole
Dark butchery without a soul.

Without a soul—save this bright drink
Of heady music, sweet as hell;
And even my peace-abiding feet
Go marching with the marching feet.
For yonder, yonder, goes the fife,
And what care I for human life!
The tears fill my astonished eyes
And my full heart is like to break;

And yet 'tis all embannered lies—
A dream those drummers make.

Oh, it is wickedness to clothe
Yon hideous grinning thing that stalks
Hidden in music, like a queen
That in a garden of glory walks,
Till good men love the thing they loathe!
Art, thou hast many infamies,
But not an infamy like this.
Oh, snap the fife and still the drum,
And show the monster as she is!

And if we should see her as she is we would revolt from her. Tear open the heart of this barbarous thing and search its motives. You will find the lust for power. To rule Europe, to dominate the world, to dictate the terms of existence for other states, to hold the "place in the sun," to play the God for the universe—this is the consuming passion of the Prussian mind. Or lower than the lust for power is the lust for gain. Behind all this horrible crime of war there is the restless greed of the war-makers who foster the military spirit that the race in armaments may go on; who create war scares that they may reap their millions out of the building of Dreadnoughts and siege guns; who change the fashion of weapons, scrapping

those of last year out of which they made vast profits and introducing new models this year to make vaster profits still; who bribe Parliaments and corrupt Cabinets for their unholy trade. Mr. J. A. Hobson, speaking of the book entitled "The War Traders," by Mr. G. H. Perris, says, "The story is positively fascinating in its wickedness." It is worth noting that the wealthiest woman in the world to-day is the young woman of the Krupp family which owns the immense Krupp works in which Germany has forged her mighty engines of death. Or deeper than the lust for power and the lust for gain is the lust of hate. It comes out in the ideals and literature of the German people. Here is a passage from the pen of Dr. Fuchs, a German educationist, who advocates the use of the schools for the cultivation of hate: "Therefore the German claim of the day must be—the family to the front. The state has to follow, at first in the school, then in foreign politics. Education to hate. Education to the estimation of hatred; organization of hatred. Education to the desire for hatred. Let us abolish unripe and false shame before brutality and fanaticism. We must not hesitate to an-

nounce: To us is given faith, hope and hatred, but hatred is the greatest among them." Here is a verse of a poem by Ernest Lissauer as he voices his hate against England—translated by Barbara Henderson,

> "You we hate with a lasting hate,
> We shall never forego our hate;
> Hate by water and hate by land
> Hate of the head and hate of the hand,
> Hate of the hammer and hate of the crown,
> Hate of seventy millions choking down."

It is out of that spirit that our militarism is born and when you feel its hot blast upon your face it is as though you stood in the very vestibules of hell.

Its Mission Is Irrational and Futile

Again the wickedness of militarism appears because it is so utterly irrational and futile, its means so ill adapted to the end it has in view. For it is supposed to secure justice among men and how often do you suppose it succeeds in its attempt. Speaking generally there have been three methods adopted by which men have tried to secure justice. One was by duelling, which

is an appeal to force; another by casting lots, which is an appeal to chance; and another by arbitration, which is an appeal to reason and which answers to our various forms of judicature. An appeal to force, chance and reason—and of all these the appeal to force is the least rational, for it is least likely to secure a just decision. It is not always that you can count on justice being on the side of might. If justice is based on the appeal to force then the day of justice in the case of Belgium vs. Germany would be far distant. It was Napoleon's sneer that "God was always on the side of the biggest battalions," but that is a lie and Napoleon lived long enough to learn the falsity of such a word as that. The truth is that far too often God is ruled out of the case altogether. He is defied; He is forgotten; and out of the shattered work of man He must glean the harvest of justice as best His wisdom can.

How insane it all seems when you remember that when the struggle is all over and the contestants lie bleeding and helpless they will have to do in weakness what they might have done in strength; they will have to do at the end what they might have done at the beginning—to ap-

peal to reason and make their terms of peace. At the end of every war is a treaty, and every such treaty, welcome as it may be, is a condemnation of the very thing it terminates. For it should have been, and might have been, made before instead of after, and had it come before there would have been no war for it to close. O, the utter insanity of it all! We need only call the case before our minds to see how diabolical, how irrational, how ill-adapted is the method to secure the end in view. Carlyle exposes its absurdity in a fine passage in "Sartor Resartus": "What, speaking in quite unofficial language, is the net purport and upshot of war?—To my own knowledge, for example, there dwell and toil, in the British village of Dumdrudge, usually some five hundred souls. From these, there are selected, during the French war, say thirty able-bodied men. Dumdrudge, at her own expense, has suckled and nursed them; she has, not without difficulty and sorrow, fed them up to manhood, and even trained them to crafts, so that one can weave, another build, another hammer, and the weakest can stand under thirty stone avoirdupois. Nevertheless, amid much weeping and

swearing, they are selected; all dressed in red; and shipped away, at the public charges, some two thousand miles or say only to the south of Spain; and fed there till wanted.

"And now to that same spot in the south of Spain are thirty similar French artisans, from a French Dumdrudge, in like manner wending, till at length, after infinite effort, the two parties come into actual juxtaposition; and thirty stands fronting thirty, each with a gun in his hand.

"Straightway the word 'Fire!' is given, and they blow the souls out of one another, and in place of sixty brisk, useful craftsmen the world has sixty dead carcases, which it must bury and anew shed tears for. Had these men any quarrel? Busy as the devil is, not the smallest! They lived far enough apart; were the entirest strangers; nay in so wide a universe, there was even, unconsciously, by commerce, some mutual helpfulness between them. How then? Simpleton! Their governors had fallen out, and instead of shooting one another, had the cunning to make these poor blockheads shoot."

Futile indeed is the mission of militarism in

securing justice or securing peace. The watchword of European militarism for the past generation has been, "To secure peace be prepared for war." That lie is discredited forever. Has not this war leapt out of an armed peace? Can it be doubted that it made arbitration impossible? Did not the combatants refuse to appeal to reason because they were organized and equipped to the last button on their uniform and the last drop of oil in the machinery of war? Is it not true that Europe has been an armed camp; its manhood a drilled body of soldiers; its millions spent on battleships or field artillery; its idle officers eager for war that they might justify their long years of training? No! No! The sword has been tried for centuries as a means to secure peace and forever for civilization there has been nailed to the wall that falsehood that the way to guarantee peace is to stand prepared for war.

Its Attitude is Treason Against God

The wickedness of the spirit of militarism appears from another angle. It is high treason against the constituted authority of the

universe. In God is the sovereign power. The spirit of militarism, such as I have described, is a revolt against His authority; it is a defiance of His constituted power. It is an attempt to leap into the throne of the eternal; it is the assumption of that sword that belongs alone to His hand for "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." I stated in the earlier part of my sermon that there were times and circumstances when war was justifiable. But no war is justifiable on both sides. Someone has been the aggressor. It may be that one nation is clear in conscience, in self-defence, or in the protection of the weak, but God will never justify the nation that was the aggressor in revenge, or ambition, or greed. In every such terrible struggle as we see today someone has arrogated to himself the Divine prerogative. For Christ is the appointed King of Kings and Lord of Lords. His will is the will for the whole earth, and they who, driven on by the lust for gain or the lust for power or the lust of hate, "take the sword shall perish by the sword," for in so doing they have set themselves against the mighty law of Christ within the earth. At bottom then it is atheis-

tic. It is not just to say that it is brutal; that would be a slander on the brute creation for they would never do the deeds that men have done within these past few weeks. It is not just to say that it is barbarous, for the barbarians have not stooped lower than the so-called civilized nations in those atrocities that have been perpetrated in the name of culture. There is only one name for it—it is devilish, satanic, springing out of the spirit of hell, and in its last analysis it is not only atheistic but it is a blow aimed at the constituted authority and sovereignty of God.

The Personal Equation

It is easy to see how all this comes back to fit itself upon the individual in his relation to Christ. The spirit of militarism against man roots itself in the spirit of militarism against God. And if you have not surrendered yourself to the Lordship of Jesus you have set yourself against the constituted authority of the universe. For it is written of Him that "He must reign—He must reign until all His enemies shall be put under His feet." And it

is written again of Him that, "God also hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a name that is above every name; that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father." And every one who does not so bow and so confess is a rebel in God's great world. He is defying the government of Christ. He is a centre for the forces of sedition—sedition against Him who by creation and redemption has established every claim upon our allegiance and our love. There is not a high thinking man or woman here who has not in the past few days entertained a feeling of contempt for those leaders in the South African revolt—men who a few years ago took the oath of allegiance to the British crown, who have enjoyed since that day the benefits of her liberty, who accepted positions of trust in the councils of the nation, and who in the moment of the Empire's great peril have seized the opportunity to strike a blow at her heart. But what shall be said of those who owe their very being unto Christ, who have been cared

for and nurtured through these years by His love, who enjoy the liberties of this land because of His work, who have been redeemed upon the cross by the incalculable price of His blood—what shall be said of those, who in the full enjoyment of His goodness have lifted their hand in rebellion to smite Him from His throne? My friends, the most pressing problem of this moment for you is the spirit of militarism that you hold against the authority of Christ. And I summon you to-night to lay down your arms of rebellion against Him. I summon you to yield to His will and to the Empire of that love whose bondage is the guarantee of your fullest freedom.

Psalm 57

VIII

TREASON TO CULTURE: THE MARKS OF PROGRESS

VIII

TREASON TO CULTURE: THE MARKS OF PROGRESS

TEXT:—*"Woe unto you scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones and of all uncleanness."* Matthew 23:27.

THESE are strong and terrible words, falling as they do from the lips of Him who was the Lord of incarnate love. With the exception of those words addressed to the cities of His day—Chorazin, Bethsaida, and Capernaum—no words perhaps ever fell from our Lord's lips that voice such a merciless exposure as do these of the shams and hypocrisies of men. There were some kinds of sin in the presence of which our Saviour spoke with the greatest tenderness and the deepest love, for it was written of Him, "The bruised reed He shall not break and the smoking flax He shall not quench." But there were other kinds of

sin that required heroic treatment and these never failed to kindle the flame of His high and holy indignation. Spiritual pride was one of them; self-righteousness was another, covetousness was another; oppression of the weak was another. But the one that kindled the hottest flame of His anger was that hypocrisy that harbored a spirit of evil within while it carried a fair profession without. Twelve times in the lesson I have read He hurled His anathemas against it. Seven times out of the twelve He addressed them as "hypocrites"; twice He calls them "blind guides"; twice He calls them "fools and blind"; and once He addressed them as a "generation of vipers." But of all His withering words against sham and the false exterior of life this figure of the text is perhaps the most scathing and rebuking of them all: "For ye are like unto whited sepulchres which indeed appear beautiful outward, but within are full of dead men's bones and of all uncleanness."

The imagery behind this denunciation was one that would make a very powerful appeal to the vivid imagination of every Jewish mind. These whited sepulchres gleaming in the sun

were a familiar feature in the landscape. They were not separate buildings like the stately mausoleums of Rome. They were simply caverns cut in the face of the limestone rock with a great stone set up to close the opening. Once a year these stones were whitewashed not for the purpose of making them beautiful but to warn the people that a grave was there lest they should touch it, and touching be defiled. Many a time our Lord had wondered at them when He rambled as a lad among the hills of Nazareth. You know how the darkness and the white stones and the thought of the dead would stir the imagination of a boy. It had burned itself into His brain and years afterwards in His preaching whenever He saw the fair exterior and the outward profession, knowing that behind there lay pride and arrogance and spiritual decay and cruelty, His mind flew back to the vivid picture of His youth and He turned to say to them: "Ye are like the whited sepulchres I was wont to see at Nazareth, that appeared so beautiful outwardly but within were full of uncleanness and dead men's bones."

Terrible as the figure is, it will always re-

main as the truest and most merciless exposure of a spurious culture in all its forms. Here we are reminded that "man looketh upon the outward appearance but God looketh on the heart." Here we are warned that the hidden rottenness of life will be eventually exposed. Here we are informed in the plainest of terms that all the decoration and garnishing and polishing of life is useless without a cleansing from within, and no great and lasting transformation of society can ever be expected that does not touch and regenerate the secret springs of being.

The False Conception of Culture

At the present moment the world is vastly interested in the idea of culture because Germany has presented to us a type of culture which she has nourished with the most assiduous care for the past generation. You are all well aware that the German Empire in its present form came to its birth under the dominance of one great idea,—the profound conviction of the supreme value of the Teutonic mind and the German element for the

civilization of the world. With all their characteristic energy and thoroughness they undertook the cultivation of that Teutonic type. They perfected their government, reorganized their system of education, expanded their commerce, and developed their science and their art. It is safe to say that the Germans have been by all means the most comprehensive and discriminating students of modern times. The systematic thoroughness with which everything is done in the world of intellect in Germany is almost inconceivable, and they have succeeded in developing an imposing system of culture that has become a powerful factor in the life of Europe and in the life of the world. There are many respects in which the students of every nation have sat at the feet of Germany and have learned of her during the past generation. She has become the acknowledged leader in science and technical education, is regarded by many as the pioneer in the world of philosophy and by some as the pathfinder in the realms of theological thought. Neither do we forget that this was a culture that had its roots in a truly great and glorious past. We gratefully remember that it was Germany who

gave us Luther, the father of modern Protestantism; that it was Germany who gave us Kant, the father of modern philosophy; that it was Germany who gave us Goethe with his matchless poetry and Beethoven and Wagner with their majestic music.

Yes! a noble past but the German culture of to-day has fallen far below that level. It has gathered into its bosom many elements of barbarism and might. It fed itself upon the philosophy of Nietzsche and kindred cults, who taught that might is right, that the survival of the fittest leaves no place for the unfit, that the fittest are those who are able by pure force to push themselves to the top, that the strong are bound by no obligations to the weak.

> "That they shall take who have the power
> And they shall keep who can."

Its ideals are not the ideals of Christ; its motives are not the motives of Jesus. It has taken the great words of humanity, like Valor and Honor and Power and Heroism, and emptied them of their noble contents only to fill them with the idea of Brute Force. It engendered within its heart the spirit of pride, the spirit

of arrogance, and a haughty selfishness that trampled underfoot the sacred prerogatives of the soul. Its insolence had no bounds. It has been generally agreed that there is nothing quite so insolent and clumsy in the international contact as Prussian diplomacy. It has reversed the standards of character and conduct that were set by Jesus; it has written the Beatitudes to read: "Ye have heard how in olden times it was said, 'Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth.' But I say unto you: Blessed are the valiant for they shall make the earth their throne. And ye have heard men say, 'Blessed are the poor in spirit,' but I say unto you: Blessed are the great in soul and the free in spirit for they shall enter Valhalla. And ye have heard men say: 'Blessed are the peace-makers,' but I say unto you: Blessed are the war-makers for they shall be called, if not the children of Jahve, the children of Odin, who is greater than Jahve." And hidden away in the heart of this whited sepulchre of modern culture is that which is most deadly of all—a passionate hatred, that never sleeps, that summons heart and hand and head to the work of revenge,—

a hatred that issues in a cruelty and ruthlessness, that gluts on blood, and leaves behind its smoking trail the mangled bodies of the defenceless and the innocent, the aged, the mother and the child. It was the charge of Harnack, the greatest of Germany's theologians, that in taking the field against Germany, Britain was guilty of a "treason to culture." Treason to culture forsooth! If this be the culture they offer then let it be part of Britain's never-dying glory that in the hour of the world's great danger she should prove a traitor to a culture such as that!

The True Conception of Culture

Over against this spurious product we set the true culture as it is revealed in Christ. When I came to this point in the preparation of my sermon and looked about in my own mind for some statement of pure culture, some description of the refined and noble character, I found myself come back invariably to those words with which our Lord opened His sermon on the Mount. They are known as the Beatitudes. They might also be called the

Elements of a True Culture. They who possess those qualities of heart and mind are the exponents of the highest form of culture. It will be worth our while to refresh our minds with this Divine summary of life at its best and highest:

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.
Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.
Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.
Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.
Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.
Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.
Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.
Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.

These are the qualities that make for culture. The poor in spirit, the mourners, the meek, they who hunger and thirst for righteousness, the merciful, the pure in heart, the peacemakers, the persecuted—these are the men and women who have stepped into the true aristocracy of refinement, whose presence is a blessing unto men and whose reward will never fail.

Should you ask for an illustrious example of that perfect culture you will find it in Him by whose lips those words were first of all pronounced. His heart is pure and warm; His mind is clear and unprejudiced; His spirit is without guile; He bore no bitterness, "Who, when He was reviled, reviled not again; when He suffered threatened not; but committed Himself to Him that judgeth righteously", He is strong with all the strength of a lion for He is the "Lion of the tribe of Judah"; He is gentle with all the gentleness of a Lamb for "He is the Lamb of God"; He holds in perfect poise all the apposites of character. To put it in George Dana Boardman's splendid summary, He was: "gracious without condescension; just without severity; lenient without laxity; flexible without vacillation; patient without stoicism; decisive without bluntness; imperative without imperiousness; heroic without coarseness; indignant without bitterness; forgiving without feebleness; sociable without familiarity; in a word He was absolutely perfect, and yet absolutely natural."

It is only as we come into the clear atmosphere of such lofty standards and perfect

character that we realize how far removed is the German ideal from all that is sound and pure in the realm of culture. Put up against the background of the Christ spirit and the Christ teaching it is not only found wanting but proclaims itself as diametrically opposed to all truer instincts of the higher life of man.

Society and the Individual

In the light then of our Lord's test as applied to life either in society or in the individual two conclusions must become clear.

1. *Society's transformation must be wrought from within.* We have an old proverb: "Scratch a Russian and you will find a Tartar," which is only another way of saying that the veneer of civilization leaves the soul untouched. If the present events have taught us anything they have taught us that if you scratch civilization you will find beneath its veneer the elements of barbarism. Time has proved that you may make a community rich, and comfortable, and clean, and intelligent, and æsthetic, and still leave its moral life unchanged. What society demands for its trans-

formation is not some adornment from without but some new impulse from within; not some revising but some renewal; not some reformation but some regeneration. Society can never be saved on the horizontal except as it is saved in the perpendicular. Let us have our art and education and the cultivation of the æsthetic and the improvement of the conditions under which we live. These things we ought to do and not to leave the others undone, but let us never imagine that we have reached a true culture until our moral standards are set to the standards of Christ and the spiritual impulses of the nation's life flow out from righteousness and justice and truth.

2. *Individual salvation demands an inward change.* It is difficult for our so-called culture to comprehend that necessity. The New Testament furnished the most outstanding example of that. If ever there was a man in Jerusalem who might have been regarded as a man of culture that man was Nicodemus. Yet to this man Jesus said in the most unequivocal terms: "Verily, verily, I say unto you except a man be born again he cannot see the Kingdom of God." "Ye must be born again."

There is something in this finality of Jesus from which there is no appeal. In every instance where Jesus opens a sentence with "Verily, verily" there follows a pronouncement that admits of no qualification. And in every instance where Jesus says, "except" and "cannot" you may know that He has reached the irreducible minimum. And in every instance where Jesus says, "must" you may know that there stands behind Him the compulsion of eternity.

There is something therefore tremendously final in His word to this cultured man. No man could be more surprised to hear it than Nicodemus. Nicodemus was the last man in all Jerusalem who thought that he needed to be born again. He was a ruler of the Jews. He was a master in Israel. He belonged to the highest religious body in the land. He was learned in the Scriptures. He was connected with and practised the highest morality. Nicodemus had always taken it for granted that if the Kingdom came in his day he would be taken up to sit in one of the highest seats. It had never once entered his head that he needed to be anything else than he was

—a respectable, moral man, devoted to the Church and State and honored in their high offices. What a blow in the face it must have been for Nicodemus to be told, and told by the King Himself, that he had not reached the true culture of life and never would until he had been born again.

Let us not marvel at that either in his case or in our own. The truth is that the only way to truly enter into a kingdom is to be born into it. Except a man be born with brains he cannot enter into the kingdom of intellect. Except a man be born with artistic instincts he cannot enter into the kingdom of art. Except a man be born with poetic impulses he cannot enter into the kingdom of poetry. Poets are born not made. So are Christians, who at their best represent the highest culture. Reasons enough there are, God knows, why we require such a miracle upon our inner life. Every other conceivable means has been tried to make life different but it has not availed. Philosophy was tried. Philanthropy was tried. Reformation was tried. Environment was tried. But all in vain. Nothing short of a regeneration from within will make life new

and touch it with the beauty of the true culture. Truly Jesus knew whereof He was speaking when He said: "Ye must, ye must be born again."

My friends, this is the true culture. By all means, let us better the conditions under which we live. Let us cultivate the æsthetic. Let us store our minds with knowledge. Let us surround ourselves with noble and refined associations, but let us never imagine that in so doing we have attained unto the true culture. That is only reached through the possession of a mind and heart renewed by the grace of God and led captive to the will of Christ.

"One thing I of the Lord desire,
For all my way hath miry been,
Be it by water or by fire,
O, make me clean! O, make me clean!

So wash me thou without, within,
Or purge with fire if that must be,
No matter how, if only sin
Die out in me, die out in me."

IX

PEACE WITH HONOR: THE FOUNDATIONS OF PEACE

Hebrews 7- 2

"First a King of Righteousness and Then a King of Peace"

IX

PEACE WITH HONOR: THE FOUNDATIONS OF PEACE

TEXT:—*"And the work of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness quietness and peace forever."*—Isaiah 32: 17.

THE popular phrase to which your attention is invited is one that has long held a place in the vocabulary of every honorable nation. Peace they must have but it must be "peace with honor." The sword must be sheathed but it must not be sheathed in shame. There may be defeat but it must be defeat that has no disgrace. Peace with honor! Seldom perhaps has that phrase sent a deeper thrill through Britain than in those stormy days when Disraeli's hand was on the helm of state. In the presence of a great international crisis that threatened almost every country in Europe he conducted at Berlin those negotiations that secured an honorable peace. On his return to

England, and in his own mysterious fashion, he announced the result of his mission in those memorable words, "Peace with honor." It was a word that sent the nation into a delirium of joy and made them doubly delirious when they knew that not only was peace secured but it was a peace in which the country's honor was truly and honorably sustained. For that is a sentiment that burns in the heart of every true patriot. He demands it for himself and he demands it all the more for his country. If he will live he must live honorably; if he must die he will die without disgrace, and there is no man with the faintest spark of nobility in him who does not understand the lofty sentiment of Patrick Henry, "Give me liberty or give me death."

It was that sort of liberty and peace that the prophet Isaiah saw as he turned his eyes away to the golden days that lay beyond. "The fruit of righteousness shall be peace." The peace that was coming was a peace in which the nation could rejoice. It was a peace in which all that was best and highest would be secured and all that was base and unjust would be subdued. That was a peace that would be based

on a righteous government, for he says, "A king shall reign in righteousness and princes shall rule in judgment." That was a peace that would protect the individual man and make him a potent factor in the life of the nation, for he says that "a man shall be a hiding place from the wind and a covert from the tempest, as rivers of water in a dry place and as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." That was a peace that redeemed the foolhardy and the coward for "the heart of the rash shall understand knowledge and the tongue of the stammerer shall be ready to speak plainly." That was a peace that would provide for all the natural resources of the land for "the wilderness shall be a fruitful field and the fruitful field be counted for a forest." That is the peace that every true nation has always desired and that is the peace for which, I trust, we long and pray and fight in this most awful struggle of the world's dark night.

The Cry for Peace

Peace! Yes, but remember it must be peace with honor! Let me remind you of what is tak-

ing place to-night—has taken place indeed to-day throughout the whole wide world. On this Sabbath day—the Sabbath day of God—there has risen from the lowly altars of bleeding hearts and from the lofty altars of ancient shrines the agonizing cry to God for peace. It was lifted in the severe and simple chapels of England by plain and earnest men with no other ordaining hand upon them than the unseen hand of the Eternal. It was echoed in the great cathedrals through "long-drawn aisle and fretted vault" by men behind whose ordination vows there stand the unbroken succession of a priestly order. It was uttered by the devout Roman Catholic in the shattered churches of Belgium, by the sad and reverent peasant over whose hearth there passed the devastating horrors of war. It resounded in the stately ritual of the Greek Catholic Church of Russia threading its way to God through heavy incensed air. It was wrung out of the anguished hearts of fearful wives who fear that they shall never see again the faces of men who are more to them than life itself. It was distilled in blood-drops from the souls of mothers who pass through their sevenfold

Gethsemane for sons who gladly cast away their lives in a rapture of courage and sacrifice. From every heart that is not stone such prayers as those shall rise. But this will be their one great reservation—it must be peace with honor. Even in the falling blood-drops of mothers' prayers you will hear that reservation. Peace! but peace with honor! Peace! but not merely peace for the sake of peace! Peace! but not peace at any price! Peace! but peace that leaves no shame, that suffers no disgrace, that heaps no dark dishonor on the nation's soul!

The Terms of Peace

What then is involved in that? There is no presumption, to my mind at least, in the fact that already we are beginning to think of the terms without which Britain shall not put up the sword. Not that the end is near, nor the victory won, but it is just at this time when the awful price is being paid that we must shape within our minds the unyielding terms by which we hope to safeguard and guarantee our future for many years to come. Believ-

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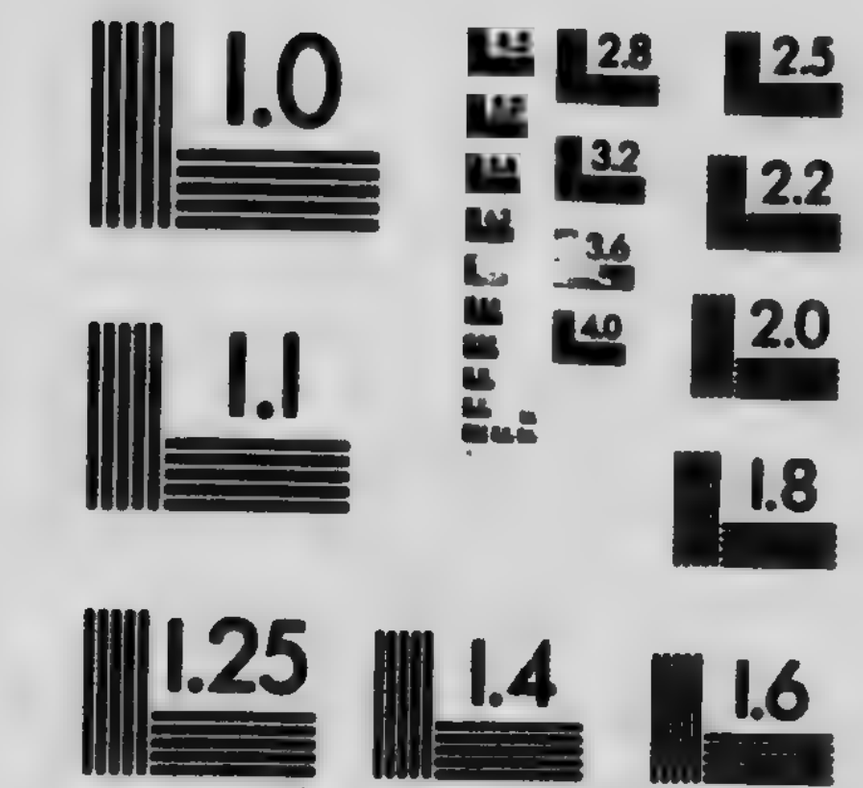

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ing as we do that Germany was the aggressor in this war; that she might have spoken at Vienna the word that would have forbidden it and that word she refused to speak; that she planned for it and hastened it; that she violated her treaty obligations in striking and has violated the instincts of a common humanity in the conduct of her campaign—believing that, there are some considerations without which an honorable peace can never be signed. What those terms may be must be left to wiser and higher minds than ours, but the common sense and conscience of the common people is not far astray when it demands the following: The destruction of the power of Prussian militarism and the blotting out of the Krupp works at Essen; the dismantling of the German navy; indemnities from Germany that will fully repair, so far as money can repair, the losses to Belgium and France; the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine to the French Republic; the Kiel canal in the hands of an international commission; the limitation of Germany's future military power; a full manhood suffrage for Germany to deliver her from the power of her own military party; the racial

boundaries to determine the boundaries of states; the independence of Poland; the exclusion of the Turk from Europe; the end of secret diplomacy so that never again shall the declaration of war rest with a few diplomats who deny to the people any voice in a national step that plunges the nation into a welter of blood and sends all the waves and billows of sorrow over the people's soul.

An examination of these terms—reflecting as they do the thought and conscience of the people—reveals at least these three conditions involved in peace with honor.

Based on Righteousness

1. It must be a *peace that is based on righteousness.* True peace is only reached where justice is secured. "Behold a king shall reign in righteousness." It is only when our differences are settled with a due regard for righteousness that we reach the solid ground of peace. It is for that reason that the world demands that German militarism shall be destroyed for it is this spirit that has sinned against Europe. It is for the same reason that

civilization demands that the weapon be taken out of the hands in which it cannot be trusted. It is for that reason that civilization demands that the wanton damage done must be repaired. Restitution of all wrong must be made so far as restitution can be made. Belgian homes must be rebuilt; Belgian churches must be repaired; Belgian fields must be restored. They who have been beggared, whose substance has been wasted, the labor of their years swept away in a night, whose fields are a wilderness and whose hills and valleys are an unbroken graveyard—these must be compensated if compensation can be found. That constitutes a debt that it is the duty of civilization to see shall be paid to the very last farthing.

That is an instinct that is truly based in the conscience of the race. It holds good throughout the whole moral order. It applies with equal force to the final rightness of society and to the final peace of the individual soul. There is no peace worth while that is not based on righteousness. It is right at this point that we get a glimpse into the necessity of Calvary. How often men think that the Cross might have been dispensed with in the redemption

of the world. They see no reason why sin could not be forgotten and wiped out, without an atonement such as was demanded on the Tree. But such men forget that God had to do right by the moral order of the world. He could not meet sin in any other way. For here was the problem. He must condemn the sin and at the same time save the sinner. He must uphold the ethical order of the universe and at the same time save that man whom the ethical order condemned. To use Paul's great phrase he must "be just and the justifier" of the unjust. Surely as Chalmers said, "It was a problem fit for a God." And that foundation of peace can never change. It must be based on righteousness. "There is no peace saith my God to the wicked." You must come to some understanding with God about your sin. It is not merely a question of gaining peace. It is a question of gaining the true peace that is based on righteousness. You will wander in the wilderness of a great unrest until you reach that solid ground where the soul's content is deep and strong and abiding because it is rooted in the fact that full atonement has been made—that perfect atone-

ment which was made in Jesus Christ our Lord.

Enduring

2. *It must be a peace that is enduring.* I do not mean to imply that with the ending of this war we can make a peace that shall bind the world for all time to come. I am well aware that in many quarters the conviction is expressed that this is "a war on war" and that "this will be the last great war." I regret to say that I cannot cherish that hope. No doubt we shall see a great revulsion of world sentiment against war with a diminution of armaments and the war-spirit rebuked. But that is not necessarily the end of war. As Tennyson asks, "Who can fancy warless men?" But we mean this much at least, that in the peace that follows there must be no patching up, no compromise with honor, no temporizing, no mere cessation of hostilities for a season, no healing of the hurt of the daughter of my people slightly, saying, "Peace! peace! when there is no peace," no such obscuring of the great principles and issues at stake as to leave the whole battle to be fought over again. Those

who know anything of the recent events in Europe know that peace of a kind has been made many times during the past few years, but it was not the peace that endures. Such a peace was made in the Balkan crisis, but it was no more than a truce. Such a peace was made in the Morocco crisis, but it was no more than a bit of temporizing. Such a peace was made in the Tripoli crisis, but it merely put off the evil day unto the to-morrow. The peace that closed the Franco-Prussian war was not a lasting peace. It left France smarting under humiliation and her borders still menaced by the presence of a watchful foe. If France and Germany have not met on the battlefields of Europe for forty years it was not because they were at peace. It was an armed neutrality. It was a breathing spell for a worse conflict. Writing in 1897 of "The Peace, 1871"—the peace that did not pacify—Elizabeth Waterhouse put it thus in her poem:—

"I have made peace, thank God." O Emperor King;
At this thy word the nations lift their eyes,
Looking for One they wot of to arise,
White robed, on happy wing.

What do they see? There crouches at thy heel
A sullen thing with vengeance in her face,
Writhing and wroth, but fettered to her place
By bonds of German steel.

As one should tell us in the dim thick night—
"Behold the dawn," and we looked forth to see
The whole wide East grown golden silently
With joy of coming light,

And saw instead a line of cloudy flame
And lightning flashes leaping swift there-through,
And heard the muffled thunder-pulse and knew
The storm, not morning, came.

So is it when each wiry nerve to-day
Of eager Europe thrills with that sweet word,
Sweet yet so false, soon as its sound is heard
Its promise dies away.

Thy God of Battles, whom we do not know,
Thank for the Rhinelands and the Golden Fleece,
But not for such poor truce the Christ of Peace—
His Peace He gives not so.

So must it ever be in the nation's soul and ours. No peace is worth the name that does not come to stay. We shall never know true peace on any path that merely patches up the past and temporizes and leaves the soul's great central problem still untouched. "Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you;

not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." My friend, there is a peace the world can never give and cannot take away. There is a peace that endures through storm and tempest. There is a peace that leaves you free to keep unbroken fellowship with God—a peace that persists in life and death, in time and eternity, but it is not found elsewhere than in the reconciling love of the Eternal Son of God.

Fruitful

3. *Peace with honor demands again that the peace must be fruitful.* Look you at the peace that Europe has maintained for the past forty years. It was a peace that wasted her vast resources in many ways. The country bled at every pore even without the curse of war. It was a peace in many ways more devastating than war because it was long drawn out. Nations slept with their armor on, with one eye open, waiting for the footstep of the foe. The tension and fear and dread sapped the vitals of every land. Think of the expenditures in those forty years of peace. Contemplate for

a moment the incalculable millions wasted and worse than wasted in the preparation for war. The hard-earned savings of the poor, the blood-drops of labor, the brawn and brain of men and women and children, all swept away to feed the maw of this monster whose hunger is never satisfied. In the insane rivalry of armies and navies the taxes on the peoples doubled, trebled, were multiplied by ten. To her enormous outlay on the navy Britain was compelled in recent years to increase it by about fifteen or twenty millions of pounds sterling in each successive year. Think of the enormous cost of building up and maintaining, in such a comparatively short time, Germany's army of millions and adding to that a navy to rival Britain upon the seven seas. Contemplate the expenditure to-day. Think of the millions poured out by each nation day after day. Think of the British Parliament in two separate votes—just two—and at this early stage of the war, authorizing the expenditure of £850,000,000, and doing it with the utmost ease. Not that I condemn that action—under the circumstances by all means let it be done. But it is easy enough to see

that so long as we live under an armed neutrality our peace will rob us of our substance. The nations must be free and secure to enjoy the fruits of their labors. Think for a moment of the expenditure of men. The earning power of men ceases when they devote themselves to military life. That is a bad enough waste in times of peace. But think of the expenditure in times of war. Bernhardi declares that war is a biological necessity to maintain the physical fitness of the race. But it is not so. It is not the survival of the fittest that war secures. It is the flower of the nation's manhood that is swept away in war. It is the "unfittest" who are left. It is a fact of history that through the slaughter of France's "fittest" men physically Napoleon lowered the average stature of the French nation by two or three inches. We want no peace that leaves us ever open to such a scourge as that, that wastes the men and money of the nation and makes impossible or insecure the permanent enjoyment of the fruits of labor's hands. Is it any wonder that the noblest of our statesmen in every land, that is not insane with militarism, have protested against this awful dev-

astating peace and pointed to the poor and the unemployed and the handicapped and aged for whom the nation in her consequent poverty has been unable to provide.

My friends, let us not live in a fool's paradise either concerning the nation's peace or our own. There is no peace worth while that is not founded on righteousness, that is not enduring, that does not secure to us the fruits of life's best and highest. For man and nation alike it is found in the will of God. We cannot defy His will and be at peace with Him. We cannot defy His will and carry in our hearts a calm that is unbroken through the years. We cannot defy His will and flourish in our souls in all that makes life truly rich. But in Christ we can have the peace that passeth all understanding, a peace that is most enduring when every earthly comfort slips away, a peace that is most serene when the skies above are dark.

Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.

Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe and they.

Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus hath vanquished death and all its powers.

It is enough; earth's troubles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

X

TO A FINISH: THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN

X

TO A FINISH: THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN

TEXT:—*"But in the latter days it shall come to pass. . ."*—Micah 4: 1.

THESE are the words of an Old Testament prophet who gets an inspired vision of the golden age of man. It is a vision that is very daring and very wonderful. He sees the struggle of the ages fought "to a finish" and beyond "in the latter days" there emerges a new humanity, restored by the hand of God and inbreathed by the spirit of love. Here is a man who lifts his eyes beyond the mists and conflicts of time, beyond the storm and stress of society, the wars and rumors of wars among nations, the inequalities and injustices of the people, and he sees the rising of a new kingdom that harbors its citizens in the security and prosperity of righteousness, justice and peace. There the bitterness of strife is over,

the spirit of brotherhood prevails, the greed of the miser is dead, the oppression of the poor is ended, the clang of the sword is silenced, and the golden age has come to humanity for the golden heart has come to man. Althought our text is taken from the prophecy of Micah this is not a vision that is confined to one prophet or patriarch in the Old Testament or the New. Isaiah has it, in almost the same words; Amos has it; Hosea has it; Jeremiah has it; and every prophet and patriarch carries this hope in his heart and this message on his lips. You may go as far back in the Old Testament as Abraham and you will find it there for even while he labored among the idolatrous cities of his own day, he had a vision of the latter days, and "he looked for a city which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God." You may go as far forward in the New Testament as John in the island of Patmos, and you will find it there for, even while he saw Rome seated on the seven hills and drunk with the blood of the saints, he saw in the latter days: "the holy city, the new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of Heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for

her husband." And ever in the hearts of men the dream of that perfect society has been cherished as a never-dying hope. Twenty-three centuries ago Plato enshrined it as best he could in his "Republic." Four centuries ago Sir Thomas More portrayed it as best he could in his "Utopia." The poets have sung of the hour that would usher in "the parliament of man, the federation of the world," and even unto this day the world is filled with the voices that declare and define and announce the "golden age" of man.

It is interesting to notice how that hope has revived itself in the presence of this latest collapse of civilization. The forces of tyranny and freedom, of reaction and progress are matched against each other and the conflict must be fought "to a finish." And somehow beyond that "finish" we instinctively hope for a new order of things, furnishing a clearer illustration of the brotherhood of man. Distant as that desirable day may be it is not a useless hope. It may seem to be all visionary but we cannot do much without our visions. The very last man the world can spare is the dreamer. We are told that this realization is

far beyond our reach. We are reminded that with all the lapse of centuries our "progress halts on palsied feet." We are told that with all our efforts at regeneration society is still

> "Wandering between two worlds
> One dead, the other powerless to be born."

That may be true but at the same time we shall not get far upon our way unless our "young men see visions and our old men dream dreams." Our work lies in the nearer days, 'tis true, but we must keep our eyes on "the latter days" as well. We are crowded into the valleys of action but we must learn to glance at the mountains of hope. We must see the glorious goal if we are to walk with buoyant step along the way. We must not only see what we are working at but we must see what we are working for. Like Michael Angelo we must see the angel in the marble. Like Jesus Christ we must discover the thing that might be in the thing that is. And unless we are to be given over to a hopeless pessimism, unless we believe that we are fighting a losing game, unless we purpose to quit the field and surrender the spoils to the devil, we

must take our stand beside men like Micah and say to ourselves and to our brothers: "The prospect may look dark now, but in the latter days it shall come to pass. . . ."

What is it that shall come to pass? What is this "golden age" to be? What is God's Utopia like? What are its distinguishing characteristics?

The Supremacy of the Spiritual

First of all let it be noticed that this "golden age" is distinguished by the supremacy of the spiritual. That is its most distinguishing feature. "And in the latter days it shall come to pass that the mountain of the house of the Lord shall be established in the tops of the mountains and shall be exalted among the hills" (4:1). That is, the spiritual shall be supreme. It shall dominate everything. It shall overshadow everything. The spiritual values will obtain, the spiritual standards will rule. There will be other towering mountains but the mountain of the house of the Lord will overtop them all. There will be other commanding interests but the spiritual will be the

most commanding. In a very beautiful and suggestive illustration Dr. Jowett recalls the city of Durham as an emblem of the prophet's thought. Through the lower reaches of the city flows the river with the pleasure craft passing up and down. Higher up on the first slopes are the shops and places of trade. Above this is the residential section of the city with the homes of the people. Above the homes is the Castle Hill with its frowning front, while on the highest summit and commanding all, with stately majesty, rises the grand old Cathedral. It is a fitting emblem of the great interests of life. Pleasure is suggested by the river; the highways of trade are representative of gain; the home is the shrine of the family; the castle is symbolic of power; and the Cathedral is significant of God. This is the picture that Micah has in mind. In the latter days the spiritual will be supreme. In God's Utopia it will dominate and shape all our pleasures; it will rule in all our business; it will command and guide our home life; it will determine our use of power. That is the picture of the ideal society. Let us not deceive ourselves. We are not getting near the golden

age unless we are establishing the Lord's house on the top of the mountains; we are not approaching the Utopia and never can except to that degree in which we make the spiritual the ruling factor in our life.

As we look out upon the present day we are not without great reason for encouragement, for a new sense of the spiritual has come down upon us. I say that in spite of and in the presence of the clash and roar of the present conflict. The mighty upheaval that our civilization has suffered has served to uncover to us again some of the realities of life. We are beginning to revise our values. That trend has been apparent for some time. It has been apparent in the new philosophy of the hour. The materialistic philosophy of thirty years ago is as dead as the moon. It can never live again. If Marie Corelli were to write a novel crystallizing the underlying philosophy of the day she would not call it "The Mighty Atom." The mighty atom is exploded. No one believes in the mighty atom as the origin of anything. It is apparent in the literature that has been commanding the attention of the reading world. True it is that there is much

that is atheistic and sodden in its materialism but no one could fail to notice how wide is that range of recent literature that contains one long protest against the materialistic and renews its affirmation of the spiritual element in man. Even in the face of the wholesale slaughter of men on the fields of Europe we assert that we shall emerge from the war with a more profound sense of the value of human life. Everywhere there is a new recognition of the essential sacredness of personality, that every human being is created in the image of God, and that there are inalienable human rights that must be kept inviolate, because man is what he is—a spiritual being.

The Results of the Spiritual Supremacy

Three great and fruitful ministries will flow from this supremacy of the spiritual.

1. *It will bring a ministry of brotherhood among men.* It will unite and not divide. It will draw men together by magnetic power. In God's Utopia it is said that "many nations shall come and say, Come let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God

of Jacob, and He will teach us all His ways and we will walk in His paths" (4:2). There is nothing more certain than that. The true brotherhood of men will be found in the supremacy of the spiritual. No other force is sufficiently and permanently cohesive. Pleasure is frequently divisive, splitting society up into its cliques and sets. Commerce with the jealous protection of interests often keeps the nations asunder. We have proof enough before our eyes that union is not secured by force of arms. It is even possible that a false spirituality will divide men and women who name the name of Christ. But the spiritual dominance that Christ will bring will draw us all closer together in an unbroken brotherhood. And if we are to be accounted as the true followers of Christ there must be an end of all our exclusiveness towards those who name the name of Christ, whatever tongue they speak and in whatsoever clime they live. We must learn to look on men through His eyes; to love those whom He loves whether they be black or red or white or yellow; to obliterate national prejudices by the power of His Divine love; to kill all hatred in our hearts; and to think of

those sheep which are not of this fold, that bringing them to our hearts there may be one fold as there is one shepherd.

2. *It will bring a ministry of construction.* Where the spiritual is supreme men will "beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks" (4:3). The destructive will be changed into the constructive. The weapon that reaped nothing but a harvest of death will be transfigured into a weapon that will reap the harvest of bread. It is a common hope, expressed in fervent words, that the sword may soon be sheathed again, but that is not the Divine ideal; or that it may be broken and cast away forever, but neither is this the Divine plan. No! not sheathed, nor broken, but hammered into a ploughshare! No! not cast away but beaten into a pruning-hook! To such great ends are we invited to direct the forces of our civilization to-day. We are invited to take the millions of money poured out in the destructive business of warfare and not only withdraw it from those channels but pour it into the constructive arts of peace. We are invited to take the countless thousands of lives devoted to the God of Militarism and not only

withdraw them, but turn their energies into the fields of fruitful enterprise. And even in our warfare this is the goal that must be kept in mind. "The Son of man came not to destroy men's lives but to save them." There are many elements within the German Empire that must be eradicated for the safety of the world, and the surgeon's hand must not be stayed. But even if it were possible, the German Empire must not be destroyed. Germany has a mission for the world. Her great energies and immense resources of mind and heart must be pressed into the highest service of Europe. The brain and brawn that have been expended in the development of military efficiency must not only be recalled from that fiendish business but must be directed into the great constructive ministries of civilization. Freed from the blight of her false philosophy, let us hope that her theologians and teachers, her statesmen and writers, her captains of industry and her masters of thought may take their place among the greatest benefactors of our common life. Her vast potentialities so sadly and so destructively gone astray must be harnessed up to the high service for which they

were designed. In other words her sword must be beaten into a ploughshare and her spear into a pruning-hook.

3. *The supremacy of the spiritual will bring a ministry of social justice.* When the spiritual is supreme "every man shall sit under his vine and under his fig-tree" (4:4). There will be a little beauty for everybody,—"the vine and fig-tree"; there will be a little ease for everybody, "they shall sit"; there will be a little reward for everybody, "his vine and his fig-tree." Life will not be a dreary monotony. It will be furnished with protection and leisure and the fair division of comforts and the due reward of our labor. "And none shall make them afraid." The haunting fear of poverty and war and famine will not be found in that order of things. Who will question for a moment that this is not a faint outline of our society as God designed it to be and as He shall some day make it to be? It is toward that goal that our true spirituality will work. Our spirituality is not the spirituality of God nor of His Christ unless it drives us out to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to visit the sick, to minister to the imprisoned, and to

sweep the whole man, body, soul and spirit, in all his relationships—social, domestic, political, personal—into the imperial purpose of the Kingdom of God.

This, my friends, is "the finish" to which we look when "He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth." Only let us remember it shall not come in the power of a mere principle nor in the wisdom of men. It shall come not apart from a Divine Sovereign. There is no one of our great prophets who cherishes that hope apart from a King. The key to the future is furnished by all in the words of Isaiah: "Behold a King shall reign in righteousness." It is His presence alone that will bring in the "golden day." His day may be near or distant, we know not. But this we know, that we can hasten the day of His power, we can prepare the way of the Lord, we can raise up a highway for the King. We can level the mountains and exalt the valleys and make smooth the rough and make straight the crooked. Until, when He shall stand within our midst His righteousness shall cover the earth as the waters cover the face of the deep.